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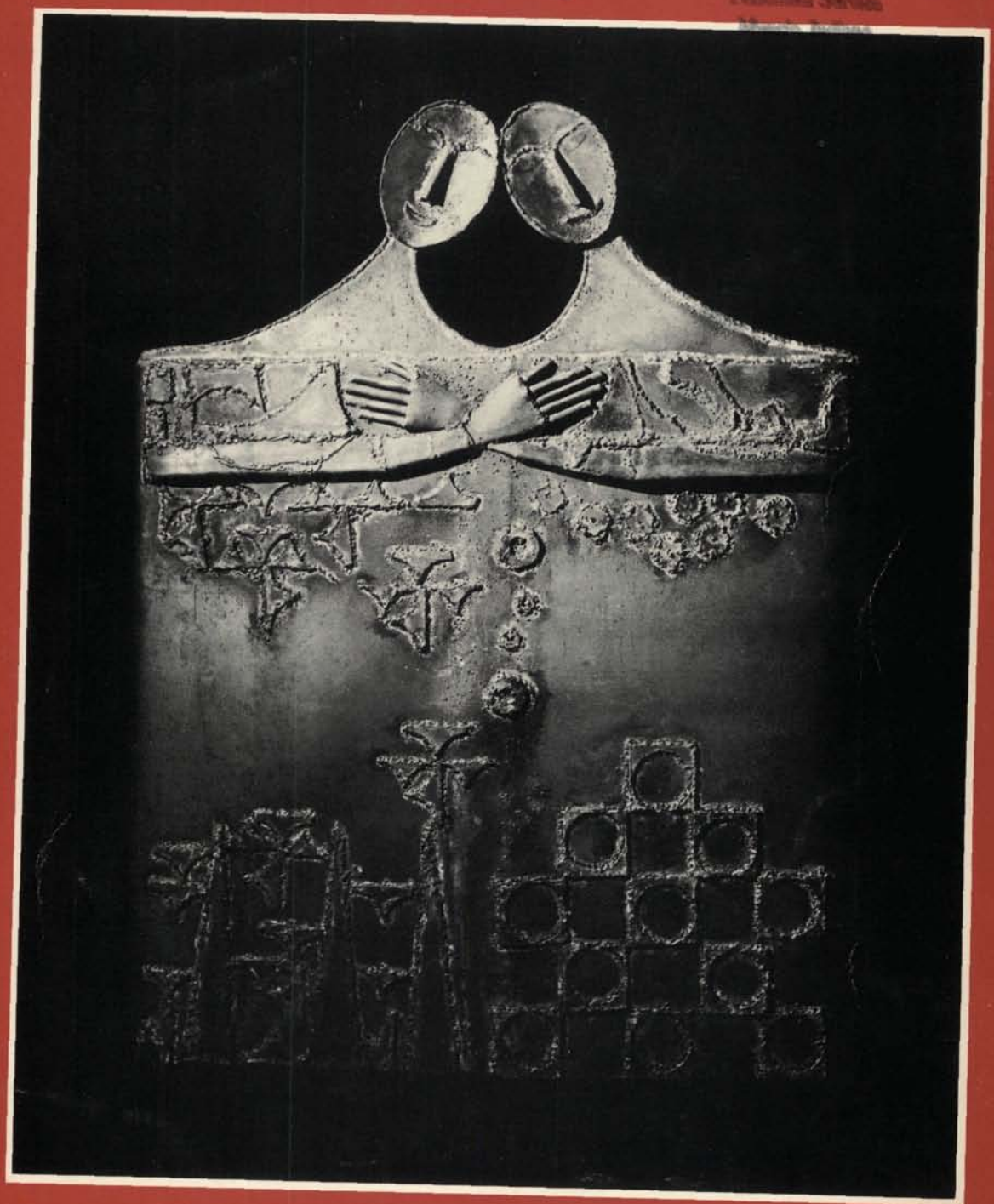

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RAMPARTS

THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC JOURNAL

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A PAUSE IN THE CONVERSATION

Part II of the Symposium on Jesuit University Education does not appear in this issue of RAMPARTS. Realizing our responsibility to our readers, and appreciative of the fact that we have advertised that the Jesuits would contribute to this issue, we feel that a brief statement of the facts is appropriate.

Originally, it was planned to have one Symposium on Jesuit University Education, to appear in the March issue. To this end, both Jesuits and laymen were invited to contribute. The laymen consented to this plan. The Jesuits indicated: 1) that they wanted to see the laymen's manuscripts before deciding whether or not to participate; and 2) that they consequently would require more time. It should be pointed out that ten of the leading American Jesuit educators and administrators were invited to contribute to the Symposium. They evidenced interest, but with serious reservations. Faced with the objections of the Jesuits, we revised our plan, with the laymen's manuscripts to appear in the March issue and the Jesuits' manuscripts to appear in the May issue. This revised plan apparently satisfied the Jesuits, who expressed great interest in seeing the laymen's manuscripts.

When the Jesuits read what the laymen had to say, they refused to participate in the Symposium. This refusal came at a time when it was too late to change the layout of the March issue.

Because we feel that the many serious problems of Catholic university education can not hide behind the silence of those most responsible for its present circumstance, we are planning future symposia that will explore this subject. The purpose of these symposia will be not only to focus attention on the current contradictions between theory and reality, but also to point a way out of the present dilemmas.

THE EDITORS

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POETRY AWARDS

THE FIRST ANNUAL RAMPARTS AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE OF $700.00

John Berryman *of Minneapolis*

SECOND PRIZE OF $200.00

Robert Bloom *of New York*

THIRD PRIZE OF $100.00

Nancy Sullivan *of Providence*

Entries in the Short Story Contest and the Essay Contest were below the minimum standards set by the Layman's Press; therefore, no awards have been made in those categories.

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JOHN BERRYMAN *was born in Oklahoma in 1914. He was educated at Columbia and at Clare College, Cambridge; during the academic year 1962-1963 he has been Visiting Professor of English at Brown, and he is permanently Professor of Humanities at the University of Minnesota. One of the outstanding scholars of his generation, Berryman has published a critical biography of* Stephen Crane *(Sloane, 1950; Meridian paperback, 1962) and various essays on fictionists (Henry James, Thomas Nashe, Monk Lewis, Ring Lardner, Scott Fitzgerald), on modern poets (Ezra Pound, Dylan Thomas, Robert Lowell, Wilfred Owen), and on Shakespeare. He is presently working on a critical biography of Shakespeare and a critical edition of* King Lear.

Berryman's early poems were published in a New Directions anthology, Five Young American Poets *(1940), which also featured Randall Jarrell, and in a pamphlet,* Poems *(New Directions; 1942), but his first major presentation was in* The Dispossessed *(Sloane, 1948.) He was recognized by reviewers as one of the best poets of his generation and was given the Shelley Memorial Award. His longest, and most remarkable, poem,* Homage to Mistress Bradstreet, *appeared in Partisan Review in 1953. It was issued as a volume, with illustrations by Ben Shahn, by Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy in 1956. The Bradstreet poem, a kind of ceremonious biographical Ode of six hundred lines, has received high praise from Allen Tate, A. Alvarez, Edmund Wilson, Conrad Aiken, Robert Lowell, and Robert Fitzgerald ("He bided his time and made the best poem of his generation.") The compressed, "cryptic" Bradstreet style was continued in a collection called* His Thoughts Made Pockets & The Plane Buckt *(Claude Fredericks, 1959) and in the long poem-in-progress,* DREAM SONGS.

The Dispossessed, *containing poems written in the years 1935-1948, brilliantly exposes the spiritual malaise of those years as it was registered in the sensibility of an exceptionally intelligent witness. One reviewer, Randall Jarrell, has complained of the "posed, planetary," bookish quality of the earlier poems, with their structure modified from late-Yeats, and their idiom faintly redolent of Eliot, Rilke, Auden, and the Southern Fugitives. Yet several of these poems, such as "The Statue" (on a monument to von Humboldt) and "Boston Common" (a wartime meditation on "heroism" at the monument to Robert Gould Shaw) are classics of their kind. And beginning with the "Nervous Songs" (circa 1945), Berryman's whole movement is away from books and statues toward people, often against-the-grain pariahs. One model of style in this later period is the Jesuit Hopkins: the Bradstreet poem uses stanzas which seem a variant of Hopkins's "Deutschland" stanza; and even in the far more colloquial and "jazzy"* DREAM SONGS *(see Number 7) there is a phrase ("Gold, gall.") which inevitably recalls the ending of "The Windhover."*

There will be seventy-five DREAM SONGS *in the completed poem. The fifteen which we present will take their place (perhaps in altered sequence) in the longer poem when it is issued by Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy. The* DREAM SONGS, *which present in a series of eighteen-line vignettes the moods and imaginings of a character named Henry who is posed against the frightening particularities of post-Hiroshima civilization, have a nightmarish quality: at first, highly cryptic; then, with a kind of raw-nerved clarity as historical happenings, public and private, begin to flicker past—the sinister advent of "dynasty K" (Number 3); a picture of the latest-elected Kennedy (Number 7); the stabbing of Bessie Smith (Number 8); a poetry-reading-cum-cocktail-party of the soured 1950's (Number 9); the suicide of Hemingway (Number 10); an American diplomat and the publication of Casement's* Black Diaries *(Number 11); a Negro suicide shortly after Bogart died of cancer (Number 13); et cetera. There is in* DREAM SONGS *a remarkable "loosening" of Berryman's style, even when, as in Number 8, the line is tight and the stanzaic rhyming intricate and strict. Certain idiosyncrasies of style (compression, syntactical shift, frequent use of ampersand) and of tone, link these later poems with the earlier Berryman, but the* DREAM SONGS *are more colloquial, less mandarin; alive to the realities of the human condition in a disintegrating culture.*

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1. Supreme my holdings, greater yet my need,
thoughtless I go out. Dawn. Have I my cig's,
my flaskie O,
O crystal cock,—my kneel has gone to seed,—
and anybody's blessing? (Blast the MIGs
for making fumble so

my tardy readying.) Yes, utter that.
Anybody's blessing? —Mr. Bones,
you makes too much
démand. I might be 'fording you a hat:
it gonna rain. —I knew a one of groans
& greed & spite, of a crutch,

who thought he had, a vile night, been—well—blest.
He see someone run off. Why not Henry,
with his grasp of desire?
—Hear matters hard to manage at de best,
Mr. Bones. Tween what we see, what be,
is blinds. Them blinds' on fire.

2. *A Capital at Wells* During the father's walking—how he looks
down by now in the soft boards, Henry, pass
and what he feel or no who know—
as during his broad father's, all the breaks
& bad lucks of a thriving pioneer
back to the flying boy in mountain air,

Vermont's child to go out, and while Keats sweat'
for hopeless inextricable lust, Henry's fate,
and Ethan Allen was a calling man,
all through the blind one's dream of the start,
when Day was killing Porter and had to part
lovers for ever, fancy if you can,

while the cardinals' guile to keep Aeneas out
was failing, while in some hearts Chinese doubt
inscrutably was growing, toward its end,
and a starved lion by a water-hole
clouded with gall, while Abelard was whole,
these grapes of stone were being proffered, friend.

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3. As a kid I believed in democracy: I
'saw no alternative'—teaching at The Big Place I ah
put it in practice:
we'd time for one long novel: to a vote—
Gone with the Wind they voted: I said 'No'
and we sat down with *War & Peace*.

As a man I believed in democracy (nobody
ever learns *any*thing): only one lazy day
my assistant, called James Dow,
& I were chatting, in a failure of meeting of minds,
and I said curious 'What are your real politics?'
'Oh, I'm a monarchist.'

Finishing his dissertation, in Political Science.
I resign. The universal contempt for Mr. Nixon,
whom never I liked but who
alert & gutsy served us years under a dope,
since dynasty K swarmed in. Let's have a King
maybe, before a few mindless votes.

4. *Of 1826* I am the little man who smokes & smokes.
I am the girl who does know better but.
I am the king of the pool.
I am so wise I had my mouth sewn shut.
I am a government official & a goddamned fool.
I am a lady who takes jokes.

I am the enemy of the mind.
I am the auto salesman and lóve you.
I am a teenage cancer, with a plan.
I am the blackt-out man.
I am the woman powerful as a zoo.
I am two eyes screwed to my set, whose blind—

It is the Fourth of July.
Collect: while the dying man,
forgone by you creator, who forgives,
is gasping 'Thomas Jefferson still lives'
in vain, in vain, in vain.
I am Henry Pussy-cat! My whiskers fly.

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5. A Stimulant for an Old Beast

Acacia, burnt myrrh, velvet, prickly stings.
'I'm not so young but not so very old'
said screwed-up lovely 23.
A final sense of being right out in the cold,
unkissed.
'My psychiatrist can lick your psychiatrist.' Women get under things.

All these old criminals sooner or later
have had it. I've been reading old journals.
Gottwald & Co., out of business now.
Thick chests quit. Double agent, Joe.
She holds her breath like a seal
and is whiter & smoother.

Rilke was a *jerk*.
I admit his griefs & music
& titled spelled all-disappointed ladies.
A threshold worse than the circles
where the vile settle & lurk,
Rilke's. As I said,—

6. Love her he doesn't but the thought he puts
into that young woman
would launch a national product
complete with TV spots & skywriting
outlets in Bonn & Tokyo
I mean it

Let it be known that nine words have not passed
between herself and Henry;
looks, smiles.
God help Henry, who deserves it all
every least part of that infernal & unconscious
woman, and the pain.

I feel as if, unique, she . . . Biddable?
Fates, conspire.
—Mr. Bones, *please*.
—Vouchsafe me, Sleepless One,
a personal experience of the body of Mrs. Boogry
before I pass from lust!

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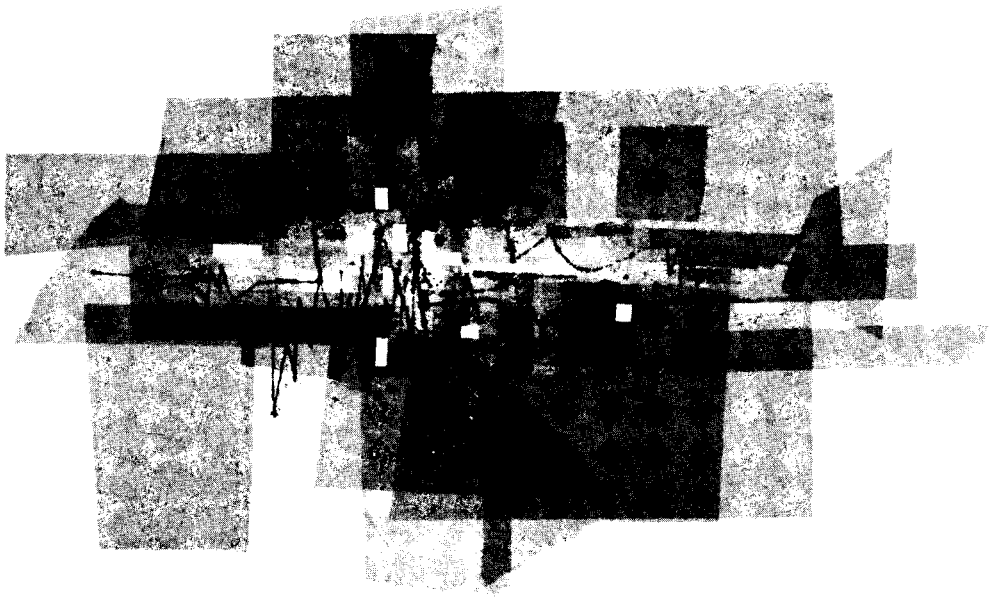

7. Baby Teddy, baby did-he, drop him too a pat
Endow him all his own a little post
so he won't feel lost
wifout the ol Attorney-Generalship:
it hurt him sore in his million to miss that:
now from his chubby grip

drips fertile Boston, anyway, the star
of our new Senate—'Here, Senator. There, Senator.
Senator, the bathroom.'
Meanwhile the least of them are crawling too—
that lower age for the House will hardly do:
to accommodate their boom

O Cabinet must stretch, for brandnew bodies:
I'm happy there are so many Kennedys
I *like* the Kennedys
and I like pride—like Swift's, like Ralegh's—
which I don't see. Gold, gall. Let every trueborn newborn Kennedy
be elected at once, like knees.

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8. I heard, could be, a Hey there from the wing,
and I went on: Miss Bessie soundin good
that one, that night of all,
I feelin fair myself, taxes & things
seem' to be back in line, like everybody should
and nobody in the snow on call

so, as I say, the house is givin hell
to *Yellow Dog*, I blowin like it too
and Bessie always do
when she make a very big sound—after, well,
no sound—I see she totterin—I cross which stage
even at Henry's age

in 2-3 seconds: then we wait and see.
I hear strange horns, Pinetop he hit some chords,
Charley start *Empty Bed*,
they all come hangin Christmas on some tree
after all trees was thrown out—for the birds,
back to the birds instead.

9. I met a junior—not so junior—and
a-many others, who knew 'him' or 'them'
long ago, slightly,
whom I know. It was the usual
cocktail party, only (my schedule being strict)
beforehand.

I worked. Well. Then they kept the kids away
with their own questions, over briefest coffee.
Then kids drove me to my city.
I think of the junior: once my advanced eleve,
sweetnatured, slack a little, never perhaps to make,
in my opinion then, it.

In my opinion, after a decade, now.
He publishes. The place was second-rate
and is throwing up new buildings.
He'll be, with luck, there always. —Mr. Bones,
stop that damn dismal. —Why can't we all the same
be? —Dr. Bones, how?

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10.
(To Robert Fitzgerald)

My mother has your rifle. One man, wide
in the mind, and tendoned like a grizzly, died;
by his trigger-finger, pal.
Hé should not have done that, but, I guess,
he didn't feel the best, Sister,—felt less
and more about less than us . . . ?

Now,—tell me, my love, *if* you recall
the dove light after dawn at the island and all—
here is the story, Jack:
he verbed for forty years, maybe enough,
& shot & buckt—and, baby, there was of
schist very little there (some).

Why should I tell a truth? when in the crack
of the dooming & emptying news I did hold back—
in the taxi too, sick—
silent—it's so I broke down here, in his mind
whose sire as mine one same way— I refuse,
hoping that man went home.

11.

Statesmanlike (on a Queer prowl, after dark)
all honest morning yesterday, today.
The prowl was honest too . . .
'enormous'—'huge'—the Diaries are blue
with joy, with rage for cruels, & . . . lonely, say.
In the "These Men Have Made Their Mark"

series of Stephen Potter's, Casement gains
our love again, after the lying truths.
Yeats was wrong, right. Right too.
What's left? A hero? Henry, breaking his brains,
would Yes but more disdains smug human mouths—
'*I* have no sex-tricks, you

are a traitor & a scar for having. I
abandoned lust, appointed; easy for us
in furry ermine.'
Whose passion Irish, monstrous kindness & honour, plus
death-courage, or his little hopes win, why,
Henry need not determine.

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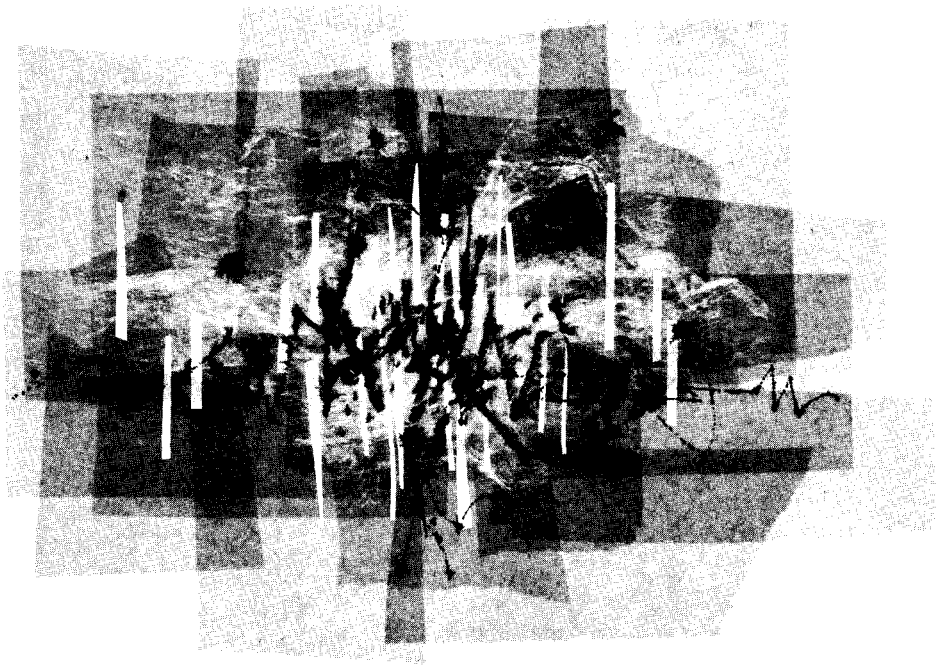

12. God bless Henry. He lived like a rat,
with a thatch of hair on his head
in the beginning.
Henry was not a coward, much.
He never deserted anything. Instead
he stuck, when things like pity were thinning.

So may be Henry was a human being.
—Let's investigate that.
. . . We did: okay.
Henry is a human American man.
—That's true. My lass is braking.
My brass is aching. Come & diminish me, and map my way.

God's Henry's enemy. We're in business . . . Why,
what business must be clear.
A cornering.
I couldn't feel more like it. —Mr. Bones,
as I look at the saffron sky,
you strikes me as ornery.

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13. Deprived of his enemy, drove to a standstill
horrible Henry, foaming. Work their way
toward him who will
in the highest wood: the officers, the rest,
with P.A. echoing: his girl comes, say,
conned in to test

if he's still human, see: she love him, see,
therefore she get on the Sheriff's mike and howl
'Come down, come down.'
Therefore he un-budge, furious. He'd flee
but only Heaven (blue) hangs over him, foul.
At the crossways, downtown,

he dream the folks are collecting parsnips & suds
and shelling rent to foes. He slipt & fell.
It's golden here in the snow.
A mild crack: a far rifle. Bogart's duds
go back to Wardrobe. Citizen of Hell,
who held out so long we know.

14. (To Edmund & Elena Wilson.) Industrious, affable, having brain on fire,
Henry perplexed himself; others gave up;
good girls gave in;
geography was hard on friendship, Sire;
marriages lashed & languished, anguished; dearth of group
and what else had been;

the splendour & the lose grew all the same,
Sire. His heart stiffened, and he failed to smile,
catching *(enfint)* on.
The law: we must, owing to chiefly shame
lacing our pride, down what we did. A mile,
a mile to Avalon.

Stuffy & lazy, shaky, making roar
overseas presses, he quit wondering:
the mystery is full.
Sire, damp me down. Me feudal O, me yore
(male Muse) serf, if anyfing;
which rank I pull.

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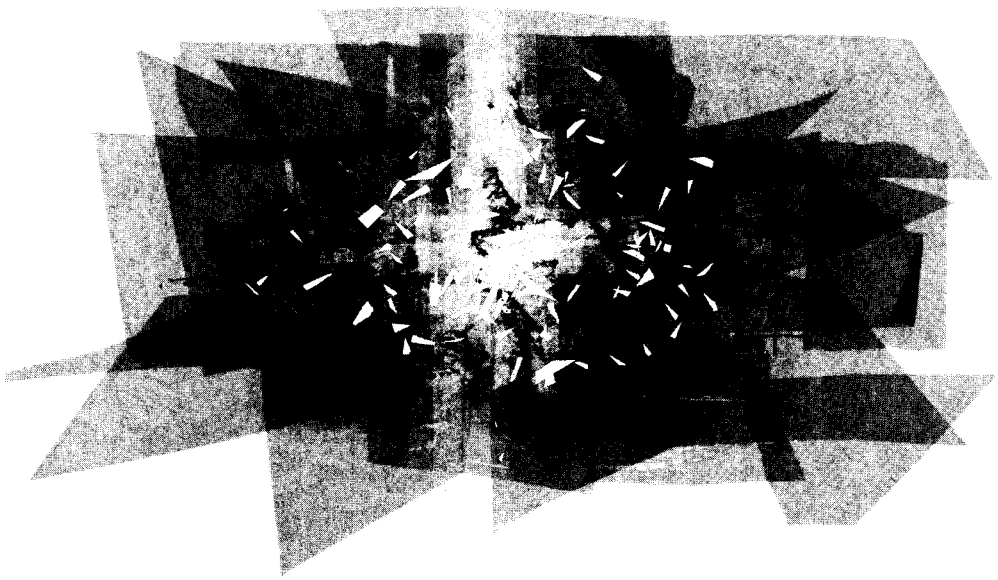
15. Henry hates the world. What the world to Henry
did will not bear thought.
Feeling no pain,
Henry stabbed his arme and wrote a letter
explaining how bad it had beene
in this world.

Old yellow, in a gown
might have made a difference, 'these lower beauties'
and chartreuse could have mattered

"Kyoto, Toledo,
Benares—the holy cities—
and Cambridge shimmering do not make up
for, well, the horror of unlove,
nor south from Paris driving in the Spring
to Siena and on . . ."

Pulling together Henry, somber Henry
woofed at things.
Spry disappointers of men
and vicing adorable children
miserable women, Henry mastered, Henry
tasting all the secret bits of life.



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THE THEATRE SEASON IN PARIS

Thomas Molnar

IT TOOK MORE than ordinary enthusiasm for the stage to go to the theatre in Paris this winter. The buildings are hardly heated, and since the *fauteuils* are undersize, you see shivering people sitting with their coats on and grumbling more than usual at late-comers who disturb their inadequate comfort. Nor is every play worth seeing (although tickets are still only four or five dollars) when you know that afterwards you step out into a polar night and may miss the last *métro*.

To sum up this winter's performances, one may safely say that the acting is almost uniformly superb, while the plays are rather of uneven quality. As in previous years, I noticed that something is slightly amiss: if it is true that the theatre: the writing, the directing, and the acting, expresses the soul of a nation, it seems that the malaise which has gripped France for many years is visible and audible in the lack of true imagination in her playwrights. France's heart seems to be in the tragedy of a lost Empire, and in this sense the law courts now trying the men who tried to assassinate De Gaulle provide a more genuine drama than some theatres on the boulevards. More power of declamation is in Lt. Colonel Bastien-Thiry's ending of his deposition: "Long live France and the Virgin Mary!"—than in the artificial responses of the new Ionesco play. After all, let us remember that during the Revolution and its Reign of Terror, the theatres which performed almost uninterruptedly could not produce one single memorable play. There are times when History steals the

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show . . .

Only one play has showed this winter the daring and originality expected of a Paris season: the Swiss Dürrenmatt's *Frank V*. (Theatre de l'Atelier). It is an extremely sharp satire of Switzerland and its supposedly cold, puritanic heart, its hypocrisy and adoration of Mammon. Appropriately, the plot turns around a bank, the outwardly respectable owners and officers of which are incredible crooks. Indeed, they are lugubrious figures (drawn, as it were, by a Charles Addams), unctuous and ready to murder, protecting their millions in a Swiftian prose interspersed with little verses, chansonnettes, and proverbs, all in a funereal style. The effect is irresistibly comical, especially since the directors, true to their membership in this Money and Murder Inc., end up by devouring each other. It is like watching several people playing Russian roulette: who will get away with the millions after disarming his partners?

The acting is flawless, although the parts are extremely difficult since a light tone must be maintained throughout, never falling either in a Kafkaesque gloom or in pure comedy. Dürrenmatt, who is becoming one of Europe's best novelists (Simenon, Kafka and Mauriac in one), shows here that he is master of the stage too. He is so ferocious from the beginning that one wonders how he will fail at the end, how he will exaggerate or become flat. But no fear: he turns the most risky corners with a sure humor and verbal acrobacy.

Compared to Durrenmatt's comic satire, Christian Maigne's *Blaise*, also a successfully running comedy, is simply pitiful. It capitalizes on the hilarity that the appearance of Darryl Cowles inevitably provokes, whether on stage or on the screen. Darryl Cowles is the ungainly, rubber-like, bespectacled young man (he reminds one of Buster Keaton) whom you may now see quite often in French film comedies, but who is an episode actor rather than the plausible hero of a three-hour, drawn-out and witless play. Summarizing it would insult the reader's intelligence, but obviously the actors' intelligence is insulted too because they act without spirit and gusto. It is this kind of cheap and silly slapstick which makes one wish it were done by Hollywood where the paraphernalia would at least be impeccable.

The posters of the Theatre de Montparnasse carry distinguished names in the cast of *Hedda Gabler:* Ingrid Bergman (whose French is as good as her English), Claude Dauphin, Jean Servais and Jacques Dacquemine. The stage is set in the old, Stanislavsky style: it is a meticulous reproduction of a nineteenth-century bourgeois living-room, with heavy dark furniture, drapes, piano and bric à brac. What is missing, is the tension of Ibsen's drama: the actors are reliable, the timing perfect, Miss Bergman is haughty and majestic in the role of the emancipated woman. Yet portions of the play are simply not believable; Claude Dauphin as the husband, Dr. Tesman, is too mean and servile: how could the proud Hedda marry such a man?

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Dacquemine as the erratic genius, Lovborg, is rather only erratic and looks like a G.I. with a crew cut and for the first time in civilian clothes.

The drama too seems somewhat thin, and I wondered whether the fault was in Raymond Rouleau's directing or in the fact that Ibsen was dated. Indeed we children of this century, have some reason to smile when Hedda Gabler swoons for a man who "dares commit a courageous act," or when Lovborg scandalizes his professor colleague by his audacity of writing a book about the "scientific civilization of the future."

After some searching in my reaction, I found that the realistic perfection of the stage also irritated me. We *were* in Dr. Tesman's house, we *took* tea with the domineering Hedda and the fragile Mrs. Elvsted. In other words, we were distracted from the play since normally we are accustomed to a stark, stylized décor allowing us to focus on what is said and on who says it. But to my knowledge nobody has tried yet to eliminate the bourgeois milieu in Ibsen's social dramas.

CHEKHOV'S EARLY PLAY, *Ivanov*, was better produced in this respect. It is on the programme of the Theatre Moderne, played by Sacha Pitoëff's company. Pitoëff himself, whom the American movie-goer saw in *Last Year at Marienbad*, is exactly the tall, thin, gaunt and brooding type needed for the title-role: a provincial nobleman struggling against economic ruin who had married a Jewess in hope of a big dowry. Her parents broke with her and the dowry is not forthcoming after five years of marriage. Moreover, she is consumptive and has lost her husband's love. Ivanov spends his evenings at a neighbor's house and lets himself be adored by their daughter. In a quick, cruel scene he calls his wife a dirty Jewess, tells her he never loved her and that she is going to die. The woman does and we see Ivanov at his wedding to Sachenka. But the spleen is stronger than the girl's fresh love: Ivanov kills himself before the gathering family and guests.

Chekhov is in a sense closer to us than Ibsen because he shows the decline of a social class whereas Ibsen is mostly interested in the psychology of emancipation. And our age finds more artistic pleasure—perverse pleasure—in decay than in birth. Although *Ivanov* is not the author's best, it has the subtle aroma of poison which is so well integrated in *The Cherry Orchard*. Ivanov's *ennui* is not explained, but it is perfectly plausible that he carries it within him as a sickness of the will. Two charming women wilt at his contact, and his old uncle who lives under the same roof survives only because he too possesses the poison, although in a more entertainingly cynical form.

Pitoëff plays superbly and disturbingly. His narrow face is calm but infinitely tortured, the light in his eyes is extinguished, and his occasional laughter seems to come from another world. It is easy to see how he drives his wife to destruction merely by withholding his love. His long gaunt figure is like a sabre which cuts down the lives of warm, carefree creatures.

I NEVER UNDERSTOOD the magnitude of Ionesco's success. *The Bald Soprano* and *The Lesson*, which I saw in 1958 at the Theatre de la Huchette, are brilliant verbal fireworks, with the obligatory *avantgarde* element added: the mechanical motions of the characters who act like word-spewing machines. I saw *The Rhinoceros* on Broadway and found it a boring thing, transmitting its platitudinous message in a much-belabored, obvious way. Remove Zero Mostel and nothing remains, not even the rhinoceros' horn.

The now playing *Le Roi se meurt* (The King agonizes) has been carefully cleansed of every morsel of intelligibility, with the result that the spectators sit through it in breathless silence (only I was restless and noisy) and frenetically applaud at the end.

My summary can only be an approximation since I do not know to this day what the play was about, why the King, his two wives, his doctor-executioner, his chambermaid who, dressed "medieval", insists on cleaning the "living-room" (in English), while the King wants his "breakfast" (also in English). Why? Oh, we understand vaguely that this king is dying after a life of many centuries, that he refuses to die but that his wife Number One multiplies the bad omens around him; with equal vagueness we suspect that something or other is being satirized, that somehow or

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other the king is a symbol for the human condition and that therefore he must be portrayed as lowly, repulsive, dirty and idiotic—for after all the playwright-prophet of Saint-Germain-des-Prés proclaims it.

But, pray, could the sentences have some meaning, the long tirades some relationship to each other and to the plot—if there is one? Could the public be taken just a little in the author's confidence—oh, not as a child who participates, light-eyed, in the fairy tale told him, but, say as a dog to whom some bone is thrown on which he may goodnaturedly chew, thinking he has had a whole carcass?

I know, of course, that raving reviews have appeared about *Le Roi se meurt* and will appear in English when an off-Broadway or North Beach theatre announces the new Ionesco revelation. Let it happen; the pseudo-admirers' pseudo-admiration shall be their self-imposed penalty.

IT IS RISKY to confess my complete bafflement with an *avant-garde* play and right afterwards admit that the greatest pleasure I derived from this winter's season was Molière's *Ecole des Femmes*, performed in modern costumes at the Theatre de l'Oeuvre. Last time I saw it was, some ten years ago in New York with the unforgettable Louis Jouvet and Dominique Blanchar. The depth of jealous self-torture that Jouvet could explore was seldom matched—possibly only by Molière himself who wrote the play vainly to purge himself of the pains of *cocuage*. To play Arnolphe after Jouvet is an act of daring. Pierre Dux has taken up the challenge, and he is today perhaps the most versatile French actor. Last summer I saw him in Valéry's *Mon Faust*, a philosophical dialogue not exactly meant for the stage; he (and Pierre Fresnay) gave a magnificent performance. A few years ago I saw Dux in Marcel Achard's *Patate*, the comedy that is still playing in Paris, then in André Roussin's verse-comedy, *Les Glorieuses*, an excellent Molière-imitation, also going strong after many hundreds of performances.

It seems to me that the green-eyed monster is much more truly present in *Ecole des Femmes* than in *Othello*. The light tone and delightful verse create an easy cover-up for the suffering beneath, but this suffering is not the fruit of a sudden revelation which can be drowned in murder, but a long agony. The young and innocent-looking Agnès is the crueler tormenter as she is so very unattainable for the aging Arnolphe; what an older woman would make him understand with tact, Agnès, his "*pupille*", throws at him with a child's matter-of-factness. How many times in the coquettish eyes of Armande Béjart must Molière have seen that cold light which exasperated Alceste and makes Arnolphe groan with agony!

The play is done in semi-modern costumes which facilitates the passage to a charming brief post-lude. We see Agnès in a modern Parisian studio-apartment living with her new husband, and it is now the latter's turn to be jealous—of the modern Arnolphe! Agnès and Arnolphe happened to meet, and since the little woman feels neglected by her husband (who plays in a night-club band and makes recordings during the day), she pretends that she has become the older man's mistress. This time it is the husband's jealousy which flares up, but Arnolphe, now a resigned bachelor, easily proves to him that Agnès merely sought reassurance. The two men, now on the same level *vis-à-vis* the elusive Agnès, draw some appropriately philosophical conclusions from the inscrutable ways of women.

So are the ways of the French theatre, too. The best authors sometimes produce mediocre plays, and where not much is expected, suddenly a little work of art is born. Jean-Louis Barrault's star is declining, he has obviously over-reached himself; Françoise Sagan's new play, *La Robe mauve de Valentine*, has nothing to recommend it, not even Danièle Darrieux' acting. The plot, the dialogue are worn out, Sagan is neither the *Wunderkind* she used to be, nor a maturing writer.

It seems, then, that there is a lull in French theatre culture: the postwar sparkles have died down: Sartre, Claudel, Anouilh, Montherlant. The new ones have yet to show their hand.

THOMAS MOLNAR, *a Professor of French at Brooklyn College, is the author of* The Decline of the Intellectual *(Meridian). He recently returned from Zurich, where he lectured on Foreign Policy.*

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CANADIAN RELIGIOUS ART EXHIBITION

Sponsored by & Presented at
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THE REGIS EXHIBITION

by Michael Jacot

If Canadian churchmen today seem to be re-entering the intellectual life of the continent after a long hibernation, the trend has yet to make itself fully evident in the plastic arts, from which they have been absent for an even longer period of slumber.

With a few most notable exceptions, modern Canadian churches are neo-Gothic, pseudo-New England or wretchedly suburban. They are filled with a series of images, holy pictures and furnishings which range from rococo to realistic, sometimes all within the same church.

The continental revolt against Kitsch, St. Sulpice and the "series" art never really hit Canada but the first glimmer of hope peeped through the sickly alabaster smile last January. The Jesuits held the first cross-Canada religious art show at their new seminary in Toronto. Many of the nation's leading artists exhibited—most of them not usually associated with religious art. Of the 40 represented, a handful were Catholic, some Jewish, some Protestant, some of no known faith. With the exception of a much-publicised Van Gogh exhibition at the city art gallery, the Jesuit show was the most successful the city has seen in a long time.

Its purpose was to show the need for experimentation in this age of change and to give visitors an idea of the range and variation of modern religious art. It did all this, and more. It broke with tradition. It revealed the "coca-cola" Christ (as William S. Rubin calls the sentimental rubbish that has passed for sacred art during the last 60 years) as artificial, irreligious and unworthy of our Christian heritage, which is something that should have been revealed in Canada years ago.

This break did not come officially from within church art circles. Like the break in France and Germany, it came from individual artists.

The Church itself is still withdrawn from the battle area. It is an unfortunate fact that, because of this, the recent church building program in Canada has provided little evidence of vitality. Church building committees, parish priest and ministers have allowed misguided authorities from church supply houses and architects to lead them into poor taste to an appalling degree. The result has been little reflection of the Christian character, less revelation of an inspirational spirit and no real sense of the functional needs of worship of modern Canadian lay people at all. The ghost of the medieval cathedral; and what the artist Gerald Trottier has described as the 'lounge bar' of the suburbs have characterised church architecture and art. Neither has helped one bit to solve the problem of modern corporate worship.

The heart of the matter is, of course, a failure by artist and architect to realise that *our* Church is of *our* time and a reflection of *our* Christianity. A serious study of what a church should be and how it should be decorated has never been undertaken in Canada. The Church in Europe has itself instigated such studies. Architects there have used modern engineering and design to reflect the age. Artists, as Father Couturier pointed out, have become aware that sacred art is a language, not a decor.

To outsiders the fuss made over the Jesuit showing last January may seem puzzling, but the truth is that in effect the exhibition was Canada's own "Assy." (The church at Assy, France, under Fr. Couturier was opened in 1951. Painters such as Rouault, Chagall, Lurçat, Bonnard, Germaine Richier and Leger contributed. It immediately caused a clerical uprising which was carried to Rome and brought condemnation, but not without stinging rebuke from all serious artists. It was, however, the beginning of the return to sincere church art in that country.)

At the Jesuit seminary, the result was not a revolt. Canadians do not revolt. The result was just as big a shock—an almost complete approval by

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art critics, artists and the public. Probably half the visitors had never seen any other religious art than that in their parish churches. Many had never been to an art gallery before. There were complete abstracts, wire sculptures, wild imaginings in plaster, welded statues, exquisitely-colored abstract tapestries, exotically-enamelled crucifixes. Because the artists were chosen as *artists* and not as religious artists, there was also a smattering of pseudo-religious erotica. Yet the whole lot was swallowed with great interest and excitement.

When Oscar Magnan, S.J. and his fellow Jesuit, Peter Larisey, started planning the exhibit they enlisted the aid of some artists—Claire Schoniker, Rosemary Kilbourn, Dora de Pedery Hunt among them – to ensure enough first-rate talent. However, as news got around, so many artists begged admittance that dozens of good men had to be turned away for lack of space. Many turned up at the seminary door, paintings in hand.

Oscar Magnan, a Cuban with a history of successful exhibitions in London and Paris (his *Resurrection* at the exhibition was the most successful painting in the show) says, "We wanted to show people that real religious art of a high standard was being done in Canada and to encourage experiments and explorations into new forms." Father Magnan describes his painting, *Resurrection*, as "a canvas of heavy black texture—flat and dried under ultra-violet rays to make it even, with a pure white oval, very heavily applied with a palette. The edges of the oval are delicately shaded with green and blue to make a pearly effect."

Magnan's sensitive selection and Larisey's executive powers did more than anything else to keep standards the highest yet seen in Canada.

Now that the exhibition is over, the question remains—what effect other than pleased surprise did it have on sacred art in Canada?

The situation still seems very much like that in France at the end of the first world war when the poet Claudel pronounced contemporary churches to be "heavily laden confessions." Their ugliness, he said, was "demonstration to all the world of sins and shortcomings, weakness and poverty, timidity and faith and feeling . . ."

Today in Canada, though Church authorities do not seriously battle this decay, they are now at least aware of it. Many of them passing through the Jesuit exhibition admitted it was the first time in years they had been in an art gallery, and some even bought paintings.

There remains—as in other Catholic countries —the ticklish problem of the Vatican's official position towards modern art. All along it has approved the "acceptable" stereotypes (how the very words suggest the timidity Claudel wrote of!) The clergy here in Canada, as abroad, only came into contact with the specialised group of religious artists who have followed the Vatican tradition. Some even go so far as to condemn certain religious works of art on authority of a section of canon law which was codified at the start of this century. It states that "the composition of religious images is not left to the invention of artists, but is (dependent on) the laws and traditions of the Catholic Church. The art alone belongs to the painter; the order and disposition to the fathers."

This can be interpreted in two ways. It can mean that strict supervision by Vatican are representatives will govern what goes into chuches (re, Assy). Or it can mean that the great truths of Faith must not be twisted, deranged, superseded by an artist. This second meaning is more liberal and actually frees an artist to experiment unmolested within the framework of his Faith.

It is hoped that the future of religious art in Canada lies within this second interpretation and that some more apt legislation will eventually come via the Vatican Council. It is natural for our artists to want to express themselves about their religion. It is the place God has given them and the job He has given them. If we are not to make our church art a responsible reflection of our age, we are not making art, we are making artifice. Out of the sincere expression of an artist's hand can come inspiration. We saw this at the Jesuit Seminary. It only remains for some courageous pastors to become patrons, and the thing will spread across Canada like a breath of fresh air in the musty old crypts.

MICHAEL JACOT, *38, a Canadian journalist, writes for television, radio, films, and stage. He is married, has nine children, and is co-founder of* Insight *magazine.*

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EXHIBITING ARTISTS

Ron Baird
Sara Bajo
J. Bakis
James Boyd
Bernard Bush, S.J.
E. B. Cox
Dora de Pedery-Hunt
Joseph Drenters
Augustan Filipovic
Patricia Fulford
Richard Gorman
John Gould
John Inglis
Rosemary Kilbourn
Peter Kolisnyk
Ted Kramolc
William Kurelek
Angus Macdonald
Peter Mackert, C.S.B.
Oscar Magnan, S.J.
Julius Marosan
Murray McCance
Jean-Paul Mousseau
John Mulroney, S.J.
Ludwig Nickel
Leonhard Oesterle
Art Price
Gordon Rayner
Krystyna Sadowska
Ivan Sarossy
Claire Shoniker (Brickus)
Rebecca Sisler
Lionel Thomas
Victor Tolgesy
Gerald Tooke
Harold Town
Gerald Trottier
Telesforas Valius
Gustav Weisman

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THE FIRST DAY OF CREATION
8′ x 8′ oil painting
ARTIST: *Krystyna Sadowska*
PHOTOGRAPHER: ZAREMBA

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PROPHET

45″ x 18″ x 20″ ciment fondu

ARTIST: *Patricia Fulford*

PHOTOGRAPHER: ZAREMBA

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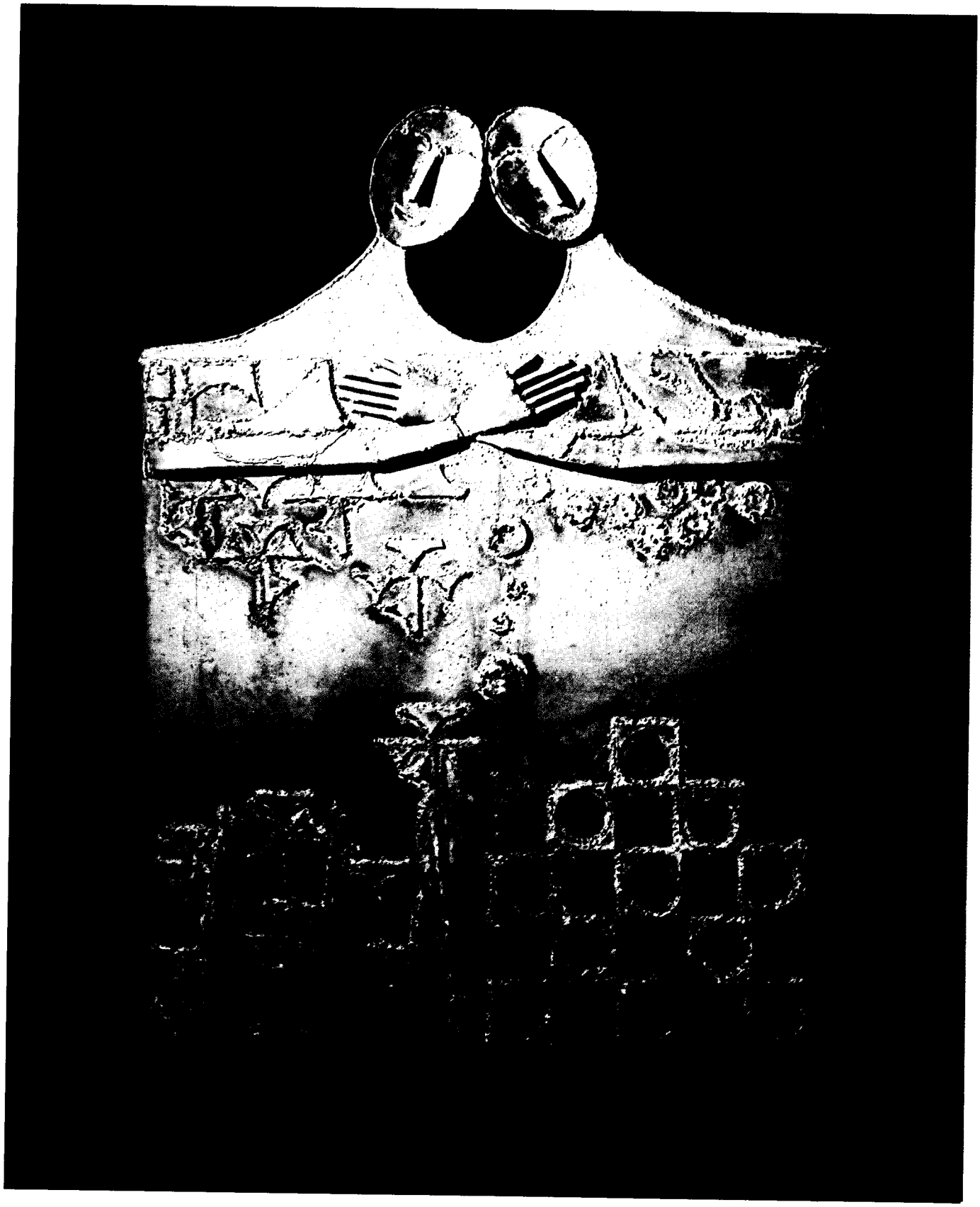

VISITATION

6′ x 4½′ metal sculpture

ARTIST: *Krystyna Sadowska*

PHOTOGRAPHER: ZAREMBA

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MOTHER AND CHILD
18″ x 24″ oil drawing
ARTIST: *John Gould*
PHOTOGRAPHER: ZAREMBA

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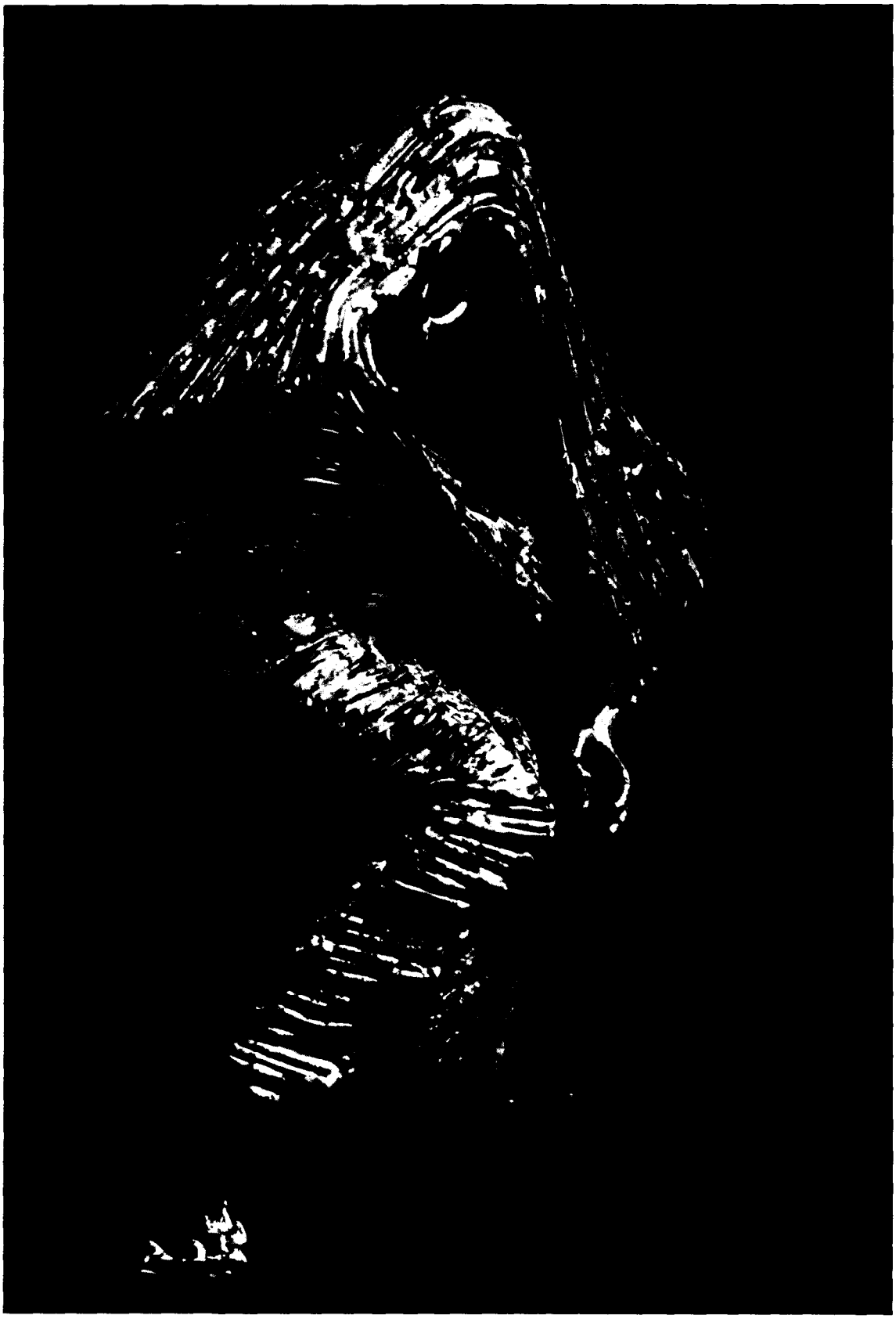

LAZARUS
18″ brazed iron
ARTIST: *Ron Baird*
PHOTOGRAPHER: TED RING

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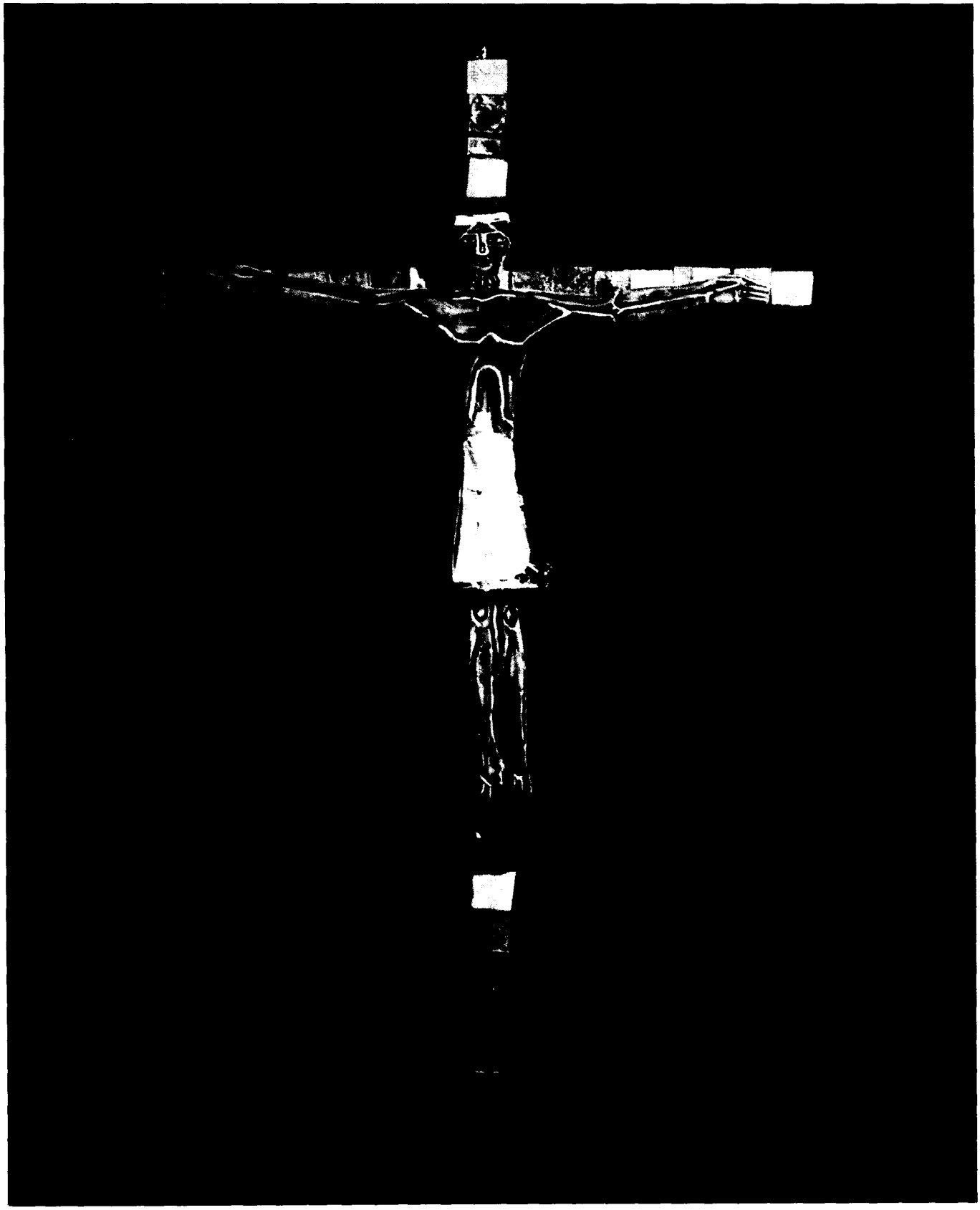

CHRIST THE KING

10½" x 6½" ceramic, mosaic, glass

ARTIST: *Oscar Magnan, S.J.*

PHOTOGRAPHER: ZAREMBA

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THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

7′ x 8′ oil painting

ARTIST: *Richard Gorman*

PHOTOGRAPHER: TED RING

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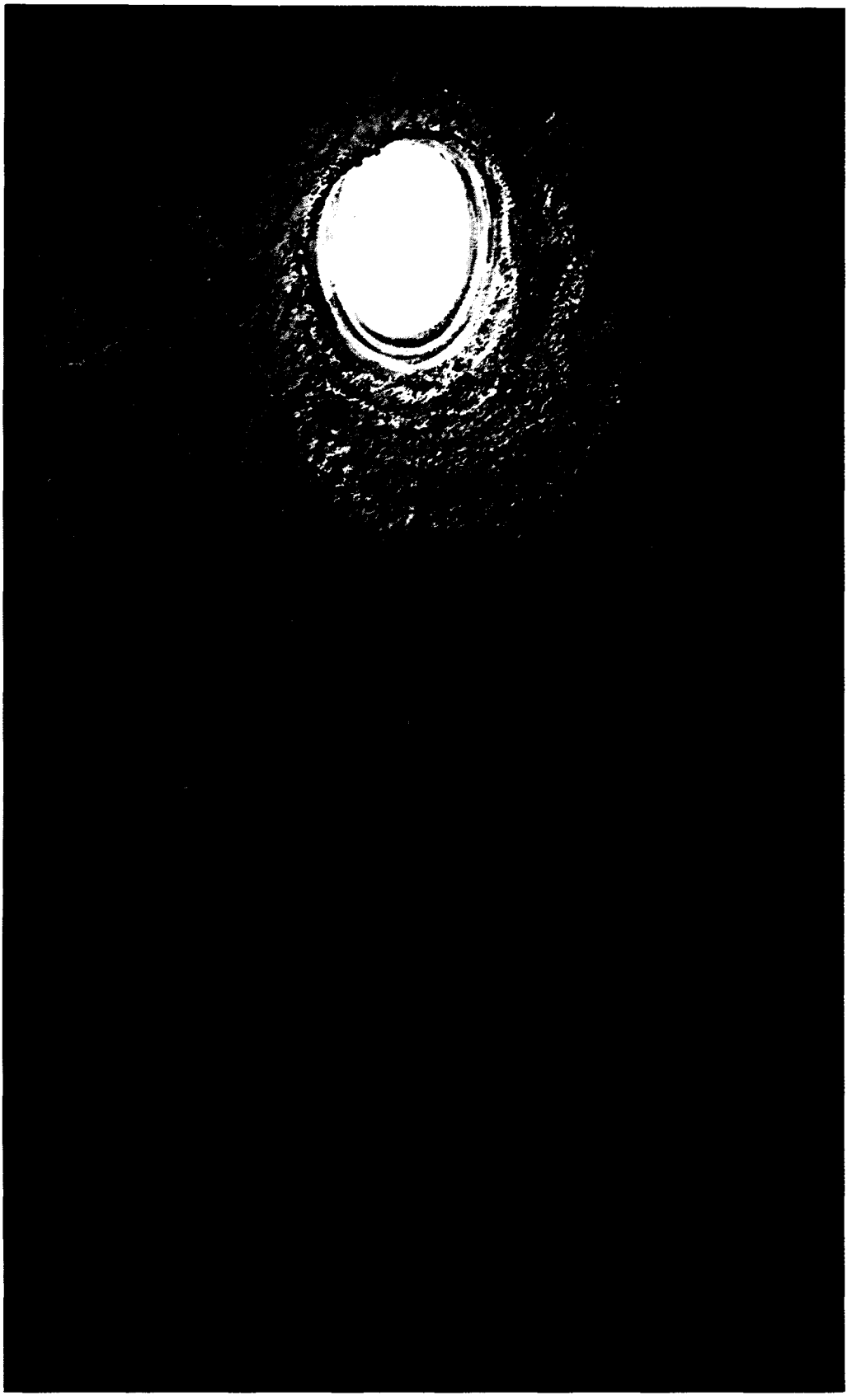

RESURRECTION

5′ x 3′ oil painting

ARTIST: *Oscar Magnan, S.J.*

PHOTOGRAPHER: ZAREMBA

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George Santayana: CATHOLIC AGNOSTIC

by Richard Butler, O.P.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO a boy was born in Madrid, and sixteen days after his birth he was baptized in the Church of San Marcos. He retained his Spanish citizenship until his death eighty-nine years later; yet his fame was achieved as an English writer, a poet and a philosopher, unexcelled in style among his contemporaries. He never received another sacrament in the church of his baptism, nor did he accept or practice its faith; yet his critics and commentators still classify him as a Catholic.

George Santayana was a man without roots, in a country or a culture or a creed. He never had a sense of belonging, to a family or an environment, to a school or a tradition or a profession. He had no place, in a church or a system of philosophy or a social movement. He was the unorganized man, the uncommitted man, the man who defied everyone else's impulse to label and categorize. He fitted no convenient slot or prefabricated pigeon-hole; he was unique.

For that very reason George Santayana labored most of his life in the careful articulation of a philosophy intended only to accommodate his own individual inclinations and the particular prefences peculiar to him alone. And he spent most of his life applying that personal philosophy to his practical behavior, with apparent success and contentment, until the uncertain and unsatisfying end of his celebrated career as an aloof and detached observer of the human drama. His last years were filled with doubts and inner disturbances. His last word was "desperation".

Some witty critic—was it Will Durant, or was he merely repeating the original phrase?—said of Santayana: "He believed that there was no God and that Mary was His mother." This most remembered and often repeated sentence does imply the strange relation of George Santayana to the Catholic Church.

HE WAS AN ATHEIST in the sense of rejecting orthodox belief in a personal God and a divine revelation; although he would have preferred the designation of agnostic or, better still, a man humbly ignorant of the ultimate mysteries of nature. He insisted that he was not a materialist. For he firmly acknowledged—in fact, constructed a philosophy on – the existence of spirit in men. But this was a naturalistic concept of spirit as blindly evolving from a chance blend of matter. He did, of course, *like* Catholicism; but his was an esthetic appreciation, a pure affection and admiration and not a conviction of mind or commitment of will. He wrote: "My faith was indeed so like despair that it wasn't faith at all; it was fondness, liking. What in Spanish is called *afición;* I indulged in it, but only north-north-west, and keeping my freedom."

Why did so many people consider him a Catholic? Because he did have a circumstantial affinity to the Church of his baptism. The formative years of his childhood, until he was nine and a half years old, were spent in Spain and this influence of Catholic culture remained with him permanently. He was even tempted to go all the way into a religious commitment; but as he described poetically his agony of indecision, he remained "at the Church door"—looking in, and liking what he saw, but never sharing that other life and transcendent thought of the believers in the pews.

He wrote much in a religious vein, especially in the early years when he expressed in poetry his spiritual struggle, the "wrestling with Christ", until he fell back exhausted and defeated and took his stand in *Interpretations of Religion and Poetry* (1900), posing the theme that religion was poetry "intervening in life". In his last letter to me, written only a few months before his death, he admitted: "It is true that, as to religion this book had struck the keynote".

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One of his early publications was a lengthy poetic drama called *Lucifer, Or The Heavenly Truce, a Theological Tragedy* (1900). His sonnets of this period reflect the sorrow of rejection and the apparently painful choice of naturalism:

And though His arms, outstretched upon the tree,
Were beautiful, and pleaded by embrace,
My Sins were loth to look upon His face.
So came I down from Golgotha to thee,
Eternal Mother; let the sun and sea
Heal me, and keep me in thy dwelling place.

A much earlier poem, written when he was fifteen or sixteen and never published, was recalled in part in his memoirs:

Ah, if salvation were a trick of reason
How easily would all the world be saved!
But roses bloom not in the winter season
Nor hope of heaven in a heart enslaved.

Santayana in later life said of this first poetic effort: "It was full of pessimistic, languid, Byronic sentiments". In fact, it is a remarkable expression, from one so young, of the affective involvement in the confrontation with faith. Mere logic cannot effect a conversion, for the heart has attachments which reason very well knows but will not forsake.

SANTAYANA'S family background was presumed by many to be Catholic. But this was for official purposes only, a nominal allegiance that had no practical effects whatsoever. In a statement of his own beliefs, contained in a "living philosopher" series published by Northwestern University in 1940, George Santayana summed up his own position in relation to his background: "Like my parents, I have always set myself down officially as a Catholic; but this is a matter of sympathy and traditional allegiance, not of philosophy. I have never had any unquestioning faith in any dogma, and have never been what is called a practicing Catholic. Indeed it would hardly have been possible. My mother, like her father before her, was a Deist: she was sure there was a God, for who else could have made the world? But God was too great to take special thought for man: sacrifices, prayers, churches, and tales of immortality were invented by rascally priests in order to dominate the foolish. My father, except for the Deism, was emphatically of the same opinion".

His mother was a strange woman, dour and dreary and yet firmly fixed in her own determination of propriety. She was the daughter of a Spanish consul to the Philippines and after her father's death there she married a Boston shipping merchant named George Sturgis. Within seven years she bore him five children, one of whom died in infancy. Eight years after the marriage George Sturgis died. After a brief and unhappy attempt to live in Boston with Yankee relatives the widow and children went back to Spain. In Madrid she met and married Don Augustín Ruiz de Santayana. Jorge, or George, was the only child of this union. After nine more years the mother suddenly remembered her promise to George Sturgis to raise his children in America and she promptly left her husband to go to Boston. There she remained and, with the help of the Sturgis family, she raised her children in a modest home in Roxbury.

Uprooted in childhood, George Santayana spent a lifetime of estrangement. Of those early years he said: "I was solitary and unhappy . . . The family was deeply disunited, and each member unhappy for a different reason." Literature stirred his imagination, opened ideal vistas that supplanted the real world of family and friends and the practice of a faith. He preferred imaginary forms to real figures. He said: "The whole real world is ashes in the mouth."

RELIGION FASCINATED HIM as good and beautiful, but only as a dream: "I loved the Christian epic, and all those doctrines and observances which bring it down into daily life. I thought how glorious it would have been to be a Dominican friar, preaching that epic eloquently, and solving afresh all the knottiest and sublimest mysteries of theology."

But the reality of religion altogether escaped him. It was fine, he would say, if you accepted it as poetry but not if you took it for history or cosmology. He never considered a religious alternative. Protestantism, especially as he knew it through Unitarian services he was forced to attend at King's Chapel, appalled him as sterile and barren. He called such a church "a nook for quiet-

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ness and a sabbath refuge, feeble in thought, null in organization, animated by little more than traditional or censorious sentiment to be applied to current opinion and to the conduct of lay life."

For him there was only one choice with regard to religion. "For my own part," he wrote, "I was quite sure that life was not worth living; for if religion was false everything was worthless, and almost everything if religion was true . . . I saw the . . . alternative between Catholicism and complete disillusion: but I was never afraid of disillusion, and I have chosen it."

The strongest personal force in his life, he admitted, was his step-sister, Susana. She was older at the time the family moved from Spain and her religious faith was strong. She rebelled against her mother's animosity towards the Catholic faith, and on Sundays before George was taken by the hand to King's Chapel he was pushed by Susana to a nearby Jesuit Church for Mass. She tried to teach him some catechism and church history and urged him to follow her to the sacrements. He was docile to such prodding up to a point, the essential point of a sacramental and practical faith. He wrote: "All my life my sister Susana was a little troubled because, as she said, she feared that I was moving away from God! Yet at heart I was not *moving* at all. I was only *seeing* . . ." And what he saw was only "a symbolic myth."

Susana later entered a Carmelite convent but she was too old and settled for such a fixed routine. She left before completing her postulency and eventually, at forty-one, she returned to Spain and married a widower with six children. This unglamorous end of an idol elicited a bitter reaction from the reminiscing philosopher: "She couldn't *live* her religion as I *lived* my philosophy."

HE DID LIVE HIS PHILOSOPHY most of his life. That personal philosophy, constructed for his own convenience, was first formulated in his *Life of Reason* (1905-1906). It was later refined and summarized in *Scepticism and Animal Faith* (1923) and elaborated in the mature *Realms of Being* (1942).

His philosophy was an unusual blend of ingredients and influences: the materialism of Lucretius, the idealism of Plato, the rationalism of Spinoza, the psychologism of James. A dogmatic skeptic, he insisted on two not-to-be-disputed presuppositions: "We must oscillate between a radical transcendentalism, frankly reduced to a solipsism of the living moment, and a materialism

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posited as a presupposition of conventional sanity." On these two premises, of basis skepticism and sensism, he composed an ideal and symbolic philosophy, culminating in a contemplation of essences (in the sense of all conscious data). All that was left to a sincere man so convinced was to live apart, quiet and relatively secluded, and enjoy this naturalistic contemplation. And that was what he did.

He disliked teaching, although he was a popular professor at Harvard for twenty-three years (1889-1912). He escaped the formalism of that profession as much as he could, preferring the company of students to his confreres on the faculty and annually traveling abroad. In January 1912, he quit his teaching career and spent the rest of his life wandering around Europe, with regular book and article publications to assure an income to sustain his detachment from worldly pursuits. I once asked him about the truth of an anecdote often told – that he looked out of the classroom window one day in the middle of a lecture, said: "I have a date with spring", and walked out, never to return – but he denied it ever happened, "although," he said, "it makes a good story."

He spent the last eleven years of his life as a paying guest in San Stefano Hospital in Rome. Here in a Catholic hospital, staffed by the Sisters of the Little Company of Mary, he found a final refuge and personal care. Correspondents, interviewing him on the occasion of a new publication or a birthday, colored their stories with reports of his living "a cloistered life" in a "convent", even a "nunnery". With consistent logic they could have said the same of any patient in St. Vincent's Hospital in New York or Mercy Hospital in Chicago. Such inaccurate reporting may have been intended merely as a literary frosting of these facts but such references intensified the confusion over Santayana's religious position.

HE FREQUENTLY USED theological terms in his writing but as very unorthodox misappropriations. He describes natural aesthetic contemplations in terms of Christian asceticism and mysticism: spirit must avoid the classical enemies –the world, the flesh and the devil (symbol of pride, either in knowledge or in power). This escape demands sacrifice (the Cross) but results in a fresh rising above all conflicting interests (the Resurrection). The perfection of the spiritual life is achieved in three stages (as appropriated from St. John of the Cross): distraction, liberation and union. Union, his naturalistic version of sanctity, is a "blissful" identity with pure essences, "achieved . . . by intellectual worship." Even the Trinity becomes, for him, symbolic of matter, essence and spirit.

He admitted that his philosophy was a lay religion. In a paper entitled "Ultimate Religion," which he read at The Hague in an observance of the tercentenary commemoration of the birth of a kindred philosopher, Benedict de Spinoza, Santayana proposed an ultimate religion "proper to a wholly free and disillusioned spirit" – a recognition and respect for universal power, the love of universal truth, and worship of perfection and beauty. This is the "ultimate religion" of naturalism carried to its inevitable conclusion.

It was during these retiring years at the hospital in Rome that Santayana even turned to a naturalistic exegesis of Scripture. In *The Idea of Christ in the Gospels* (1946), he brilliantly applied the evangelical precepts and counsels to a life of detachment and fulfillment. Except for an introductory rejection of the reality of the Incarnation and the validity of divine revelation, his commentary proceeds with the orthodoxy and insight of a master exegete. (I know of a monk who ignored the heretical introduction and used the book for private meditational reading in chapel.)

He lived simply, almost stoically, during that last decade of his life. As a matter of preference, he even washed and mended his own clothes and shaved himself with an old straight-edge razor. He read a great deal and wrote until he tired—his last book was a lengthy discourse on political philosophy (*Dominations and Powers*, 1951) and his outdated aristocratic ideas on this subject were attacked by his critics. In the end, before his sight failed him, he returned to his first love and particular talent, poetry. His hearing failed earlier and embarrassed him, causing him to shy away from the visits of admirers he used to welcome.

During the final year only three people were close to him: his faithful nurse, Sister Angela,

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his secretary, Daniel Cory, and myself. I visited him every week during the last two years of his life and saw the doubts and disturbances that gnawed at him as sharply as the incipient cancer that finally destroyed him. As he changed physically, from the robust figure I photographed on the balcony of his hospital room, to the frail old man huddled under a blanket a year later, he changed intellectually from his insistence on naturalism to a confession of not being sure about anything, the complete and confused agnostic.

To an interviewing reporter on his 87th birthday, he said: "I find things are not so simple to explain as I had imagined, and so I am not reconciled."

Nor could he reconcile himself with the God of his childhood desire. As an adolescent he had written:

Perchance when Carnival is done,
And sun and moon go out for me,
Christ will be God, and I the one
That in my youth I used to be.

There was no going backward or forward, only a static holding to the personal philosophy he had so long proposed to himself. Sister Angela, who had quietly served him and prayed for him for more than a decade, felt obliged in charity to say the obvious: "You are dying. You should see a priest and make your peace with God." His reaction was adamant: "I shall die as I have lived."

He seemed to feel obliged to his profession of naturalism. I recall that in a little debate with him on a philosophical issue, which he ordinarily enjoyed and never quit or admitted defeat, he suddenly stopped and said: "Well, there's nothing I can change now. It's all written down." And he turned to another subject.

I left him in April, 1952, before the sharp decline, and had one letter from him—the arduous script of a nearly blind man. His opening words were: "I am getting weaker and my eyes have failed me". In June he fell down the stone steps of the Spanish Consulate where he had gone to extend his passport. The trauma was effective and during the summer his decline was rapid. Death came slowly and painfully, releasing him from violent affliction in a final comatose state. Just before the final coma Sister Angela asked him if he was suffering.

His dry lips parted and he hoarsely whispered: "Not physically—no more—but mentally."

"Why?" Sister asked. "What's the matter?"

The last word was: "Desperation!"

Characteristic of this "Catholic agnostic", Santayana had asked to be buried in neutral (unblessed) ground in a Catholic cemetery. On the thirtieth of September, 1952, George Santayana was buried in Rome's Catholic cemetery, Campo Verano. According to a United Press story, "a handful of persons, including dignitaries of the Spanish Embassy and Consulate here, half a dozen American friends, and an Italian admirer, attended the simple non-religious ceremony."

Photography by Mark's Rembrandt Studio.

Richard Butler, O. P. *was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1918. He attended Notre Dame and Catholic University, entered the Dominican order in 1942, and was ordained in 1949. Since receiving his doctorate in 1952, Father Butler has published three books with Regnery (Chicago):* The Mind of Santayana *(1955);* The Life and World of George Santayana *(1960);* Religious Vocation *(1961). His latest book,* God on the Secular Campus, *will be published by Doubleday in September, 1963. Father Butler was formerly Director of the Aquinas-Newman Center at the University of New Mexico. He is presently National Chaplain of the National Newman Apostolate.*

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Sonnets

O WORLD, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

DEEM NOT, because you see me in the press
Of this world's children run my fated race,
That I blaspheme against a proffered grace,
Or leave unlearned the love of holiness.
I honour not that sanctity the less
Whose aureole illumines not my face,
But dare not tread the secret, holy place
To which the priest and prophet have access.
For some are born to be beatified
By anguish, and by grievous penance done;
And some, to furnish forth the age's pride,
And to be praised of men beneath the sun;
And some are born to stand perplexed aside
From so much sorrow—of whom I am one.

AS IN THE MIDST of battle there is room
For thoughts of love, and in foul sin for mirth;
As gossips whisper of a trinket's worth
Spied by the death-bed's flickering candle-gloom;
As in the crevices of Caesar's tomb
The sweet herbs flourish on a little earth:
So in this great disaster of our birth
We can be happy, and forget our doom.
For morning, with a ray of tenderest joy
Gilding the iron heaven, hides the truth,
And evening gently woos us to employ
Our grief in idle catches. Such is youth;
Till from that summer's trance we wake, to find
Despair before us, vanity behind.

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WHAT RICHES have you that you deem me poor,
Or what large comfort that you call me sad?
Tell me what makes you so exceeding glad:
Is your earth happy or your heaven sure?
I hope for heaven, since the stars endure
And bring such tidings as our fathers had.
I know no deeper doubt to make me mad,
I need no brighter love to keep me pure.
To me the faiths of old are daily bread;
I bless their hope, I bless their will to save,
And my deep heart still meaneth what they said.
It makes me happy that the soul is brave,
And, being so much kinsman to the dead,
I walk contented to the peopled grave.

AFTER GREY vigils, sunshine in the heart;
After long fasting on the journey, food;
After sharp thirst, a draught of perfect good
To flood the soul, and heal her ancient smart.
Joy of my sorrow, never can we part;
Thou broodest o'er me in the haunted wood,
And with new music fill'st the solitude
By but so sweetly being what thou art.
He who hath made thee perfect, makes me blest.
O fiery minister, on mighty wings
Bear me, great love, to mine eternal rest.
Heaven it is to be at peace with things;
Come chaos now, and in a whirlwind's rings
Engulf the planets. I have seen the best.

THE WORLD will say, "What mystic love is this?
What ghostly mistress? What angelic friend?"
Read, masters, your own passion to the end,
And tell me then if I have writ amiss.
When all loves die that hang upon a kiss,
And must with cavil and with chance contend,
Their risen selves with the eternal blend
Where perfect dying is their perfect bliss.
And might I kiss her once, asleep or dead,
Upon the forehead or the globèd eyes,
Or where the gold is parted on her head,
That kiss would help me on to paradise
As if I kissed the consecrated bread
In which the buried soul of Jesus lies.

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Art, Morality and Censorship

Maggie and Stephen.

THE PLACE TO START any consideration of the topic of censorship is with the creative artist or writer. He after all is the *sine qua non* of the whole business: without him the censor could never get started. A basic principle of liberal society is that the expression of opinion is free, so that in such a society authors can fairly claim to have a right to communicate their thought and work freely. They must, as E. M. Forster has pointed out, *feel* free, if they are to give of their best, and they cannot feel this, if they live in perpetual fear that either they will be prosecuted and imprisoned or their books suppressed. "The police magistrate's opinion," wrote Virginia Woolf, "is so incalculable—he lets pass so much that seems noxious and pounces upon so much that seems innocent – that even the writer whose record is hitherto unblemished is uncertain what may or may not be judged obscene and hesitates in fear and suspicion . . . he has to ask himself what will the police magistrate say: and not only what will the police magistrate say, but what will the printer say and what will the publisher say? For both printer and publisher will be trying uneasily and anxiously to anticipate the verdict of the police magistrate and will naturally bring pressure to bear upon the writer to put them beyond reach of the law. He will be asked to weaken, to soften, to omit. Such hesitation and suspense are fatal to freedom of mind, and freedom of mind is essential to good literature."

This freedom is indivisible and must extend to every sphere of human conduct, including that of sexual morality and behaviour, the only sphere, apart from blasphemy and sedition, where freedom of expression is materially restricted in western liberal societies. The need for such freedom is greater than ever today, when literature and especially the novel is so closely concerned with psychological problems and a naturalistic or realistic

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Norman St. John-Stevas

presentation of life. The Victorian solution of omitting sex from literature altogether, or else confining the representation of sexual relations to those of an impeccably regular mind, which even a stern reverend mother could contemplate with equanimity, would be of small assistance to writers such as William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell or James Jones in solving their literary problems. Even Victorian writers—in some instances—were unhappy about the contemporary limitations placed upon their art. Against Dickens' boast in the preface to *Oliver Twist* that he had "banished from the lips of the lowest character I introduced any expression that could by possibility offend," one must set Thackeray's anguished wail in the preface to *Pendennis:* "Since the author of Tom Jones was buried," he complained, "no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN. We must drape him and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the natural in our art."

Thackeray is here pointing to the most serious blemish in Victorian literature, the exclusion from art of a whole aspect of life and its consequent falsification. *Oliver Twist* again provides a useful example. In his book *The Dickens World*, Humphrey House wrote of the Victorian underworld as "drenched in sex," but one would never guess this from reading *Oliver Twist*. The whole character of Nancy is falsified so as not to offend the susceptibilities of readers, and for the same reason her relations with Bill Sykes are only vaguely hinted at. Walter Bagehot, the Victorian period's most percipient critic, was one of the few contemporaries to warn against the truncation which inevitably must follow from what he called "a young ladies' literature." "The indiscriminate study of human life," he wrote, "is not desirable for them, either in fiction or in reality. But the habitual formation of a scheme of thought and a code of morality upon incomplete materials is a very serious evil. The reader for whose sake the omissions are made cannot fancy what is left out . . . she has a vivid picture of a *patch* of life." One can indeed relate this attitude to sex to a more general purism in Victorian art, which by excluding anything ugly or painful created an unreal world of sentimental beauty, morally anodyne if nothing worse.

AUTHORS THEN HAVE RIGHTS which pertain to their position as expositors of the culture of a given society, but they also have duties since they are not writing in a vacuum but writing to be read. If a great literature cannot be created without freedom, neither can it be sustained without a sense of responsibility on the authors' part. The greater the power and the less the external restraint the more urgent the need of interior sanctions voluntarily imposed. Ultimately, the whole working of a free society is dependent on this intangible, a sense of self discipline, the only alternative to which is regimentation. This machinery of self-discipline or self-censorship is not often considered when freedom of expression is discussed and emphasis is concentrated almost exclusively on legal restraints, so its consideration at this point may be useful.

The first interior restraint on the author is prudence. He must accept responsibility for influencing the thought and behaviour of his readers. This is a consideration which seems foreign to the minds of those liberal enthusiasts who appear to assume that the highest good society can achieve is a welter of books in which every opinion and viewpoint is put forward with respect neither for moral values nor for truth. In fact the freedom of liberal society must be a freedom for certain moral purposes otherwise the society will either dissolve in chaos or sink into vacuity. These enthusiasts

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often bolster their position by an appeal to the social psychologists, some of whom maintain that there is no evidence of a causal scientific connection between reading and behaviour, and that until some foundation (presumably American) has expended millions of dollars to enable some researcher (a zoologist possibly?) to establish a statistical relation between the two, we must suspend belief in the all but universally accepted proposition of common sense, that men are affected for good or ill by what they read. The point was made by Bernard Shaw in his preface to *Mrs. Warren's Profession* — a work denied performance on the public stage for thirty years—where he expressed his conviction that "fine art is the subtlest, the most seductive, the most effective instrument of moral propaganda in the world, excepting only the example of personal conduct." If indeed the viewpoint about the non-effect of reading on behaviour was correct then books would be of so little social importance that the whole censorship discussion could justly be dismissed as trivial.

The second interior restraint is imposed by what I may call the natural law. Natural law theories have in the main been articulated in modern times by Catholics, but the conviction that there are certain moral values of a universal character would be accepted by all Christians and by many agnostic-humanists. Indeed if this pattern of human nature did not exist within man neither history nor a transmitted culture would be even a possibility, much less could we comprehend the creative works of the past, for the existence of this pattern is what Alexander Pope has called "at once the sources and the test and the end of art." These values will be expressed differently in different periods but their essence does not alter. The moral sublimity of *Antigone*, for example, is not dependent on a knowledge of Greek burial rites, but on its presentation of the age-long struggle between morality and positive law.

The third interior restraint closely connected with morality but not co-extensive with it, is the discipline imposed upon the creative artist by the work of art itself. Cleanth Brooks has suggested tentatively that the artistically defective tends to be the morally offensive. He and other critics of a similar school of thought are not primarily concerned with works of art as direct reflections of actual ethical systems but as worlds of their own organised on their own terms, the evaluation being shifted from one of external correspondence to that of inner coherence. Works of art are thus not to be judged by their messages, but by their self-consistency. This sophisticated view contrasts with the naïve didacticism of such organisations as the Legion of Decency, which condemn works as immoral if they fail to conform to a particular set of ethical norms. These bodies accordingly draw no distinction between a novel by D. H. Lawrence, for example, which is consistently true to its own moral valuations, and a piece of pornography, such as *Hot Dames on Cold Slabs*, to quote a current title, which has no coherence, moral or otherwise. By insisting on a conventional *moral* ending to a film or play based up to that point on a different value system, they do not purify it as they imagine but simply render it incoherent.

The meeting between Joseph and Pamela was not without tears of joy on both sides.

Coherency, however, is not the only standard on which these critics insist, for they ask that works of art should present us with credible response and human behaviour which is not in flat contradiction to human nature as we ourselves experience it. This is not to ask art to conform to a set of ethical or moral-theological propositions but requiring it not to ignore or contradict that pattern of human nature to which I referred earlier under the heading of natural law. The sensational, therefore, the monstrous and the pornographic, are both inartistic and immoral, because they violate a work of art's own values, which themselves must ultimately be grounded in human nature. A work

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is thus to be condemned not on the basis of the materials which it uses, but on the way in which it uses them. This is in accord with Cardinal Newman's view that a sinless literature of sinful man is in itself a contradiction, and one can extend this view theologically and regard all literature as one of the more agreeable consequences of original sin. It is jejune, then, to look upon art as a sort of embroidery used to illustrate moral principles. One can, however, legitimately expect that if the artist uses vile materials, he will relate them to a fully human context and make them subserve some wider purpose than that of exciting horror or prurience,—in other words, that he will transmute them into art. One can then draw an aesthetic distinction between a book which, because of the situation with which it deals, needs to employ passages which considered by themselves, would be pornographic, and a work of pornography as such. Pornographic works develop neither plot nor character: their social content is minimal: they contain no "message," and are made up of a series of sexual incidents and descriptions which are intended merely to titillate. They create an impossible masculinity and an impossible femininity and bring them together in a ridiculous congruence. Pornography is essentially abstract, a point made by C. S. Lewis in his book *The Allegory of Love*. He asks how Chaucer can celebrate the flesh without becoming delirious like Rossetti or pornographic like Ovid. "The secret," concludes Professor Lewis, "lies in his *concreteness*. Lust is more abstract than logic." With Chaucer "we are rooted in the purifying complexities of the real world."

Internal restraints are clearly sufficient for the genuine and dedicated artists—but what of the imposter and the pornographer? Are they to be restrained by dissertations on moral values and the inner coherence of works of art? The answer is clearly negative, and society cannot abdicate its responsibility for the minimum moral welfare of its members, any more than it can contract out of their defence from internal violence or external assault. The point is, that it is only the minimum moral welfare that can be a matter of state concern in a pluralist society. The Aristotelian concept of the state as an organisation charged with the duty of leading its citizens to virtue, is only of validity in a unitary society where there is a single religion professed by all members and where any dissent is marginal. In moral matters in modern societies, the state can only play a positive role in so far as it is representative of a moral consensus in society. In the sphere of censorship, it is fair to say that the consensus of opinion is that pornography should be checked by the state, but, having done that, the state's role is discharged.

Pornography is, I think, a self-evident social evil, and the state cannot tolerate the operations of a great commercialised industry which makes money by gratifying and stimulating the basest appetites of its citizens. Of course, arguments have been put forward even for pornography. Havelock Ellis, for example, maintained that the conditions of contemporary highly conventional society require relief from restrictions, just as the conditions of childhood create the need for fairy stories. Obscene books, therefore, are not aphrodisiac, but are safety valves protecting society from crime and outrage. The average reader of pornography is not socially undesirable, but quite harmless, and, deprived of this outlet, would turn to others more directly harmful to society. St. Augustine employs a parallel argument when counselling in *The City of God* against the Roman state's suppression of prostitution. Against this opinion may be set that of Sir Anthony Absolute as expressed to Mrs. Malaprop in Sheridan's play *The Rivals*. "Madame," he said to her, "a circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge. It blossoms throughout the year! – and depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last."

THERE IS however a more general argument against the Havelock Ellis viewpoint. The reading of pornography provides no true resolution of feelings, no catharsis; it stimulates but it does not satisfy. In the words of E. M. Forster to the recent House of Commons select committee on obscene publications: "It makes the mind go round and round in a circle instead of proceeding in a straight line." A sharp distinction must be drawn between the legitimate place of sex in art and its degradation in the form of pornography.

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When we look at a nude by Renoir, the minds of most of us are not totally possessed by questions of significant form. "Half the great poems, pictures, music, stories of the whole world," writes D. H. Lawrence, "are great by virtue of their sex appeal. Titian or Renoir, the *Song of Solomon*, or *Jane Eyre*, Mozart or *Annie Laurie*, the loveliness is all interwoven with sex appeal, sex stimulus, call it what you will. Even Michael Angelo who rather hated sex, can't help filling the Cornucopia with phallic acorns. Sex is a very powerful, beneficial and necessary stimulus in human life, and we are all grateful when we feel its warm, natural flow through us, like a form of sunshine." Pornography excludes the sunshine and is shady. It is literally the literature of the brothel and of the same coarse texture, which separates sexual enjoyment from love and personal relationships, and so degrades and dehumanises it.

The role of the law then, as opposed to its formulation, seems reasonably clear. It does not set itself up as a guardian of morals at every level. It should not be a vehicle for moral outburst from judges and magistrates. A fitting comment on such attitudes was made recently by Graham Greene, when an English judge declared that the role of the law was to protect sex; to which Greene replied, "The protection of sex: it would make a fine subject for a royal academy painting." It is the job of the law to reconcile a genuine clash of social interests. On the one hand, authors have an interest in writing freely, and the public have an equal interest in being able to choose what to read. On the other hand, society also has an interest in preventing the exploitation of literature and the public by those who wish to make money by stimulating base appetites and passions. Racketeers are especially tempted today by the emergence in every modern state of a new public who can read but who are only semi-literate. The path of the law has been clearly outlined by Virginia Woolf. "There can be no doubt," she wrote, "that books fall in respect of indecency into two classes. There are books written, published and sold with the object of causing pleasure or corruption by means of their indecency. There is no difficulty of finding where they are to be bought nor in buying them when found. There are others whose indecency is not the object of the book but incidental to some other purpose — scientific, social, aesthetic — on the writer's part. The police magistrate's power should be definitely limited to the suppression of books which are sold as pornography to people who seek out and enjoy pornography. The others should be left alone. Any man or woman of average intelligence and culture knows the difference between the two kinds of book and has no difficulty in distinguishing one from the other." George Moore made a similar distinction in his autobiographical *Avowals*.

In practice, however, the formulation of such a legal distinction is not quite so simple as these authors would have us believe; and here it is necessary to look at the history of the matter to see what guidance it can afford. The medieval Church, it is not sufficiently often recalled, concerned itself with heresy and not at all with obscenity, and although the faithful were warned against the writings of heretics, an ecclesiastical censorship as such was not instituted until after the Reformation at the Council of Trent. A rewarding insight is afforded by the case of the *Decameron* (declared obscene by a group of magistrates in England a few years ago) which was written at the height of medieval civilisation and enjoyed immunity for many years. When it did fall under the papal ban in 1559, this was not because of its obscenity but because it satirised the clergy. The Church authorised an expurgated edition, but the references expunged were those relating to the saints and the clergy: the obscenities remained. Accordingly, monks became magicians, nuns were turned into noblewomen, and the Archangel Gabriel transformed into the king of the fairies. The change in attitude subsequent to the Reformation is well illustrated by the statement of St. Alphonsus Liguori that the *Decameron* had done more harm than all the works of Luther. With him one may compare a saint of the early Church, St. John Chrysostom, who flourished in the fourth century and who is reputed to have slept with twenty-eight plays of Aristophanes under his pillow.

In England the Tudor and Stuart systems of licensing books were religious and political rather than moral, and the records of the Station-

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er's Company which administered the censorship on behalf of the crown, show only a very occasional refusal of a license on the grounds of obscenity. An unsuccessful attempt to punish obscenity at common law was made at the beginning of the eighteenth century in Read's case but the judge dismissed the case as one coming under the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts. Twenty years later, in Curl's case, in 1727, this ruling was abolished and jurisdiction assumed. Curl was a contemporary plagiarist and pornographer, the *doyen* in fact of Grub Street. He had published many dubious books with impunity, but when he brought out *Venus in the Cloiser* or *The Nun in Her Smock*, he overreached himself and was hauled before the courts. The attorney general insisted that publication of such a book was immoral and therefore a breach of the peace. "I do not insist," he said, "that every immoral act is indictable, such as telling a lie or the like, but if it is destructive of morality in general, if it does or may affect all the King's subjects, then it is an offence of a publick nature. And upon this distinction it is that particular acts of fornication are not punishable in the temporal courts and bawdy houses are." This argument was accepted by the court, which thus created the new offence of publishing an obscene libel. Libel here has no connection with its popular defamatory meaning but is an example of its original usage, derived from *libellus*, a diminutive of *liber*, a little book.

Curl was condemned for publishing a pornographic book, not a work of literature, and throughout the eighteenth century little or no attempt was made to suppress works of literary merit. Indeed, the robustness of contemporary taste allowed works to circulate which clearly would not be permitted today. As late as 1780 Harris's *List of Covent Garden Ladies*, a publication made up of erotic descriptions of various whores who used it to advertise their charms, was generally available. One eighteenth century phenomenon is of great contemporary interest—the attempt to suppress the horror novel. Horace Walpole inaugurated the "literary reign of terror" with the publication of *The Castle of Otranto* in 1764 and was followed by other expositors of the art, Clara Reeve and Anne Radcliffe, whose best known work, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, came out in 1794. A new point of ghastliness was reached in 1795 when Matthew Gregory Lewis published *The Monk*, which he had written in ten weeks. The book was denounced by the critics, and the Attorney General obtained a rule nisi to restrain its sale, but the injunction was never made absolute and was not enforced. Today, legislation is advocated to check the taste for horror and, indeed, in England and elsewhere, legislation has been passed penalising the publication of "horror comics." The eighteenth century experience throws some doubt on the necessity of such a course. Horror novels ceased to be written, not through legal action, but because of a change in public taste. In a sense, they were bound to fail, for they contained within themselves the seeds of their own decay. Palates inevitably became jaded, and readers sooner or later were immunised by constant inoculation. Critics and authors hastened the process. Peacock and Beckford mercilessly parodied the follies of horror literature. Jane Austen's satire in *Northanger Abbey*, although more gentle, was as devastating. The horror novel finally failed because better books were written, which people preferred to read. Scott was the principal architect of their destruction and *Waverley* administered the *coup de grace*. In this approach of providing better books and comics and films lies perhaps the best answer to contemporary problems of horror.

Eighteenth century broadmindedness did not survive the century which bore it, and its robust

I am Married

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masculine taste was transformed into *Podsnappery* and mid-Victorian squeamishness. How did this come about? The responsibility is too often placed on Queen Victoria, but prudery—as Keats found out when he published *Endymion* in 1818 – was in the ascendant long before she ascended the throne in 1837. In his essay on "The Age of Tennyson," G. M. Young points out that as early as 1805 the Germans had coined a word "Engländeris" to convey the same meaning as our own "Victorianism," while much of the unpopularity of George IV and William IV can be attributed to their survival as unwelcome Georgian relics into an age where a revolution in manners had already been brought about. Queen Victoria's accession was confirmation not cause of the frame of mind which bears her name.

The Victorian conscience was forged in the fires of evangelical enthusiasm. John Wesley had started the movement in 1738, but it did not become powerful until the close of the century. Confined at first to the poor, Methodist influence was diffused by the rapid shift of classes brought on by the industrial revolution. Many of the new rich were Methodists who kept their principles despite the change in their social position. They were supported by a strong, respectable, lower middle class, also the product of industrialisation, factory foremen, clerks and skilled workers, who kept themselves distinct from the lower paid workers by the strictness and respectability of their lives. Fear of the French Revolution combined with the example of evangelical earnestness and piety to bring about a counter reformation within the Church of England under the leadership of William Wilberforce and the Clapham Sect. As a result, by the second decade of the nineteenth century, the evangelicals were a powerful influence in the national life, reaching the peak of their power before the accession of Queen Victoria, but extending their influence into later decades, paradoxically enough through the Oxford movement, which was as much a moral as a theological phenomenon.

Evangelical views showed a marked kinship with those of the early Puritans, but where Puritans had attacked the stage, evangelicals denounced novels. An interesting diagram "the spiritual barometer" appearing in the Evangelical Magazine in 1800 aptly illustrates the evangelical view of novels. Forty degrees above zero represents "the love of God and frequent approach to the Lord's Table," while the equivalent forty degrees below is "love of novels: scepticism and neglect of private prayer." Adultery comes only ten degrees lower, while "love of wine" comes ten degrees higher, than the addiction to novels. The drama of course was not exempt from attack, and Rowland Hill's views, although extreme, were not untypical: "A young fellow clasps a young girl in his arms before all the spectators; what folly not to suppose that every impure passion is not immediately excited by such scenes as these."

Such absurdities were not generally accepted, but their constant repetition did create the view that literature was a threat to integrity unless kept within strict limits and was only to be tolerated if it served a wider moral purpose. Critics compelled authors to toe a clearly marked line and denunciations of those authors who failed to observe a decent reticence filled the pages of the reviews Thus George Eliot was reproached for allowing Maggie Tulliver's arm to be kissed by her lover in the novel *The Mill on the Floss*. "There is nothing wrong in writing about such an act," said the Saturday Review, "and it is the sort of thing that does happen in real life; but we cannot think that the conflict of sensation and principles raised in a man's mind by gazing at a woman's arm is a theme that a female novelist can touch on without leaving behind a feeling of hesitation if not repulsion in the reader."

Standards of taste on both sides of the Atlantic became stricter during the nineteenth century, and the law kept pace by growing more severe. In 1802 the Society for the Suppression of Vice was founded to enforce the moral laws, especially those against obscene books. Sydney Smith said the last word on all such societies when he called it a society for suppressing the vices of those whose incomes do not exceed £500 per year. In 1857 Lord Campbell's Act was passed to suppress the pornographic book trade, which was centered in London in the somewhat inappropriately named Holywell Street. The Act created no new

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criminal offence, but gave magistrates the power to order the destruction of books and prints if, in their opinion, their publication would amount to a "misdemeanour proper to be prosecuted as such." The measure was vigorously opposed as a threat to literature, but Lord Campbell assured the critics that the measure "was intended to apply exclusively to works written for the single purpose of corrupting the morals of youth and of a nature calculated to shock the common feelings of decency in a well regulated mind." The subsequent use to which the Act was put to suppress the books of D. H. Lawrence, Radclyffe Hall, Havelock Ellis and others, hardly fulfill this pledge. In 1868 came the second great nineteenth century contribution to the obscene libel law, when Sir Alexander Cockburn in Hicklin's case laid down the first legal definition of obscenity. "The test of obscenity," said Sir Alexander, "is whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscene is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." This definition was adopted by the American courts, and hence the case has had a profound influence on the common law. It has meant, in effect, that a book has in the past been adjudged obscene on the basis of isolated passages read out of their context and with no reference to the author's intention.

In 1933 the first major departure from the Hicklin test was made in an American case, when Judge Woolsey lifted the ban on James Joyce's *Ulysses*, which had been banned by the customs authorities both in England and the United States. The judge held that the intention with which the book was written was a relevant consideration for the court. If that was pornographic, then the book should be condemned; if not, the court should go on to consider the book itself. Having held that Joyce's purpose was honest and sincere, the judge declared that he could find nothing that could be described as "dirt for dirt's sake" and, applying the test of the reasonable man, declared that the book could be admitted to the United States. The Attorney General appealed, but the appeal was dismissed by the Court of Appeals. "We believe," said Judge Augustus Hand, "that the proper test of whether a given book is obscene is its dominant effect. In applying this test, relevancy of the objectionable parts to the theme, the established reputation of the work in the estimation of approved critics, if the book is modern, and the verdict of the past if it is ancient, are persuasive pieces of evidence, for works of art are not likely to sustain a high position with no better warrant for their existence than their obscene content." Judge Manton dissented: "No matter what may be said on the side of letters, the effect of the community can and must be the sole determining factor. . . . The court cannot indulge any instinct it may have to foster letters. The statute is designed to protect society at large—of that there can be no dispute—notwithstanding the deprivation of benefits to a few, a work must be condemned if it has a depraving influence."

The Woolsey-Hand test was applied in the federal courts, but the Hicklin case was still followed in many state courts until the Roth case of 1957. In June of that year the Supreme Court of the United States considered the question whether the Hicklin test infringed the liberties guaranteed by the first and fourteenth amendment, and de-

Mr Peggotty's dream comes true

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cided that it did. The test was rejected as unconstitutional, and the following test was substituted: "whether to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest." Subsequent interpretation of the Roth case by the American courts has established, broadly speaking, that hard core pornography is outside the law, but almost everything else is within it. It has resulted in the free publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and of Henry Miller's *Tropic* books.

In England the law has moved towards approximately the same situation. Until 1955 the Hicklin test had never been seriously challenged in England, but in that year a committee set up by the Society of Authors, because of a series of prosecutions of reputable authors and publishers, opened a campaign to change the law. The aim of the committee was to secure a law that would strengthen the law against pornography, but leave literature free. In 1959 the Committee's campaign was crowned by the passing of the Obscene Publications Act, which makes three major reforms in the law. It lays down that books are to be judged as a whole and not by isolated passages. It then goes on to create a new defence of publication for the public good. A person, says the Act, is not to be convicted of an offence of publishing an obscene book "if it is proved that publication is justified as being for the public good on the ground that it is in the interests of science, literature, art or learning or other objects of general concern." To establish or negative this defence the opinion of experts as to a book's literary, scientific, or other merits, is made admissible. The Act also lays down maximum penalties for the offence, and provides the bookseller with a special defence that he had no reasonable cause to suspect that the books sold by him contained obscene matter.

The Act is essentially a compromise and therefore a highly imperfect piece of legislation. It only reached the statute book after a struggle of five years, during which a principle clause, making the intention of the publisher or author of the book a necessary ingredient of the offence, had to be dropped. Even its sponsors were dubious whether the Act would work in practice. The prosecution of Penguin Books for publishing *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in 1960 provided an admirable test case. The book was exonerated, thus showing that the Act achieves its purpose of protecting serious works of literature, or at least some of them. Whether Henry Miller's books or those of Jean Genet could be published with impunity cannot be said with certainty at the present time.

Prudence in the administration of the law is of course as important as the substantive law itself. Unsuccessful prosecutions of a book serve only to raise sales, as was shown by the ill fated prosecution in 1877 of Annie Besant for publishing a tract on birth control, curiously entitled *Fruits of Philosophy*. When the prosecution finally foundered, the sale of *Fruits* had risen from a few hundred a year to hundreds of thousands. Ideally prosecution should be in the hands of some state official with experience and not left to be used haphazard by any old lady who is shocked by picking up a book in a corner drugstore. The great lexicographer disposed of all such busybodies in a terse phrase. "Dr. Johnson," said a lady, "what I admire in your dictionary is that you have inserted no improper words." "What," replied the doctor, "you *looked* for them, Madam?"

One final reflection on this subject is not entirely out of place. The problem of obscene or immoral literature is only a part of a much wider problem of the sexual mores and the ethical outlook of a society. Pornography is a symptom, not a disease, and it would be a pity to substitute the occasional pursuit of the outrageous for a sustained and rational attempt to rectify the rather more sinister exploitation of sex for sales purposes by a commercial society. As for works of literature which are ethically incoherent and lack the moral integrity of works of other ages, perhaps contemporary rage against them is no more than the anger of Caliban who sees his own face reflected in the glass.

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THE WELL

N. Scott Momaday

She was there on the day of his homecoming. She passed along the road in front of the trading post, not walking, but pitching her little crooked steps in the ambiguous motion of the old and lame. He watched her through the window. She was unchanged. The years of his absence—in which he had become a man—had done nothing to her.

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She was old the first time he had seen her, and drunk. She had screamed at him some unintelligible curse from the doorway of her shack when, as a child, he had herded the sheep nearby. And he had run away, hard, until he came to a clump of mesquite on the bank of an arroyo. There he caught his breath and waited for the part fox dog to close the flock and follow. Later, when the sheep had filed into the arroyo and from the bank he could see them all, he dropped a piece of dried meat to the part fox dog. But the dog had quivered and laid back its ears. Slowly it backed away and crouched, not looking at Hobson, not looking at anything, but listening. Then Hobson heard. He knew even then that it was only the wind, but it was a stranger sound than any he had ever known. And at the same time he saw the hole in the ground where the wind dipped, struck, and rose. It was larger than a rabbit hole and partly concealed by the choke cherry which grew beside it. The moan of the wind grew loud. It filled him with dread. For the rest of his life it would be for him the particular sound of anguish.

He had returned on a Tuesday. On the following Monday the Jicarilla fiesta began at Stone Lake. The tents, pitched on the near hills, were white as wool in the sunlight. Riders in bright shirts and hats, their boots spurred and taped white around the insteps, rode among them, along the edge of the water, to and from the corrals: slim Utes and Apaches, Navajos in denim and velveteen. The barterers clustered about the dance ground draping bright rugs, exchanging baskets and pottery, flashing the silver on their wrists and fingers. The children milled around the refreshment stalls or raced among the tourists, laughing and yelling. The timbered slopes to the north were russet and, beyond them, the dark peaks towered, sheer and shining.

HOBSON HAD DRUNK heavily and gone the morning without food. When he arrived at the lake nausea began to overcome him. He walked across the road and up the hill to the Quintana tent. He sat at the table and Josie Quintana gave him posole and coffee. They did not talk. When he had eaten he became sleepy, and he went outside and lay down under a wagon. He tried to remember how Josie had looked twelve years before. He no longer knew her. He no longer knew anything of these people. For a time he fixed his eyes on the landscape, but it too had changed. His homeland lay dim and dark in his memory, and there only. He slept.

He awoke to the cold and the sound of the drums. It was dark. He could see the gray shapes of people moving about. Below him and across the road, the dancers circled the fires slowly, their feet shuffling almost imperceptibly. The chant of the singers was low, rolling, and monotonous. He wedged himself into one of the rings and tried to take up the chant. Deeper than the drone of a waterfall, and as incessant, it made pure sound of the dark. He closed his eyes, and shapes almost familiar to him took form against the lids. He was a long time in the dance.

Startled by the hand on his shoulder, he whirled, blinking.

"Hey, c'mon. I show you something," Levi said. He was dead drunk, and he enunciated slowly, carefully, laboring with his tongue. "C'mon," he repeated and pulled at Hobson's arm. His eyes were glazed and half-closed in the firelight. Minute beads of sweat glistened on his nose, and spittle oozed from the corner of his mouth. His lower lip hung wet and purple, even as he spoke.

Hobson supported him as they made their way from the dance ground. It was painfully cold away from the fires. There was a moon and the night was bright, but a bank of black clouds was rising in the west. As they neared the corrals Hobson could hear voices. He asked who was there.

"C'mon, I show you damn funny something," said Levi. He began to laugh. He pulled Hobson in and out among the wagons and along the fence. They turned a corner and Hobson saw the outline of two men standing close together and weaving as they made exaggerated gestures and shouted. Lying on the ground at their feet was the old woman Muñoz, writhing and screaming. She struggled to free her skirts from their boot heels. Her head jerked and her little arms flailed against their legs. The men were convulsed with laughter.

"Wheee Ha! See? See?" Levi squirmed in his glee. "See? I told you, no? We got ol' wooman Muñoz. She been to her wheesky well!" He

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stumbled and fell against the fence. Leaning there too weak to move, he wheezed and watched. Hobson gaped. He recognized Ruben Vicenti. The other man was a Ute whom he had never seen before. He was short and thick, without a neck, and his arms reached barely to the hips. He held a bottle and wore a rodeo harness to which there was affixed the numeral 4.

THE OLD WOMAN Muñoz gasped. Hobson suddenly wanted to retch. He had never seen her at close quarters. Her dress was torn from one shoulder. It hung loose from the other, exposing half of her chest. The sallow skin of her arms sagged from bones which bore no flesh. The little hands were gnarled and hideous, grown curved into claws. Thrashing like a thong, the exposed breast was shrivelled and elongated. Her legs, kicking against and ripping her ancient dress, were incredibly thin and huge-jointed. The little humped back, angular and grotesque, heaved and twisted in spasms. The long white hair was matted with damp and dirt. It swung round her head in a blur of motion until it fell in a pale tangle at the old woman's face. And she was suddenly still and silent. They looked at her. Their laughter stopped. *Dead. She is dead*, Hobson thought. *Oh God they have killed her*. He wanted to walk or run, move, but his limbs were leaden. Slowly the old woman Muñoz turned on her side and raised her head. One of the claws parted the hair from her face and she peered at him. Even under the mask of white dust the little face was deeply furrowed about the toothless mouth and along the hollow jowls. Thin streams of blood trickled from either corner of the mouth, giving the chin the appearance of a hinge. There were no lips. The eyes were the centers of round shadows, large and black as the sockets of a skull. But the ugliness of the eyes rent the shadows with the wild gleam of the old woman's hatred.

"Bastards," she rasped. "You will be in hell." It was little more than a whisper. Still she looked only at him. They watched as she struggled to sit up. At last she was upright, and only then did she look away from him.

"Give me a drink, huh?" The hatred was spent of its sound, and the voice was pitiful.

Number 4 saw his chance to restore the scene, which, when the old woman stopped fighting, had given way to fear and perplexity. He moved over her and shouted: "Ha! You want some wheesky, huh? Here!" He tilted the bottle above her. It spilled over her face. She reached for it, but he held it beyond her reach, spilling it again. The whisky fell in her hair and eyes, and her tongue wagged to take it in. He continued to shout. "Ol' wooman, why don't you go to the wheesky well? huh?" She began to sob softly, almost inaudibly. It was not the response he wanted. He began to feel himself betrayed. "WHEESKY WELL, OL' WOOMAN!" The whisky was gone. "Aw, c'mon, ol' wooman. Call me names, huh?" She only sobbed. He looked at the others. Their faces were blank. "Gotdammit!" he said, and his chin began to quiver. He stepped back and wedged his boot into the dirt. He kicked with all the might of the short and massive leg. The earth flew against the old woman and she cringed.

Number 4's fall was entire. He seemed for a long moment horizontal in the air. The impact was unbroken; it was absorbed by the whole of his back surface. Throughout, the pudgy arms were outspread and the stricken face expressed a kind of overstated amazement. He grunted like a pig. The old woman Muñoz blinked. She raised her hand and pointed a finger at him. Then, in a satire of decorum, she placed the hand over her mouth and cackled. "Eeeeee heh heh heh heh." There was no mirth in it, only derision.

Number 4 rose. There was pure rage in his red eyes, and the certain vision of having been made a particular fool.

"You weech," he said. "You gotdamned weech!"

"Leave her alone. She is sick," Hobson said.

Number 4 looked at him.

"She is sick," Hobson repeated. "Old and sick."

THE OLD WOMAN Muñoz lay still for a long time after the three men had gone. Hobson watched her. Her back swelled and fell with breathing, but she made no sound. She had stopped crying.

"Old woman," he said after a time, "wait for me. I will be back."

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She did not move or answer. He went to the Quintana tent and got a blanket. He made a fire near where the old woman lay and put the blanket over her.

"It is cold," he said.

"It is cold," she repeated, and she sat up.

He sat beside her and opened his hands to the fire. For a time they were silent, listening to the chant and the drums. The moon moved upward in the sky and shone in a long bright line on the lake, but half of the sky was black now. He could see her without looking at her, out of the corner of his eye. She smelt of liquor and old age.

The chanting grew faint and no one came to their fire. It began to grow light on the line of the hills. He had dozed. The old woman Muñoz was looking at him. The fire had burned away and only the embers remained.

"Are you cold, grandmother?"

"Whisky," she said softly. "I want whisky."

"You must go home, old woman. You will be sick."

"Whisky. You gimme whisky, huh?"

"I have no whisky," he said.

"Hey, we go to the whisky well, okay?"

"No," he said. "There is no whisky well. It was a lie. They were making fun of you."

"Those bastards don't know nothing! You come with me. I will show you where is the whisky well."

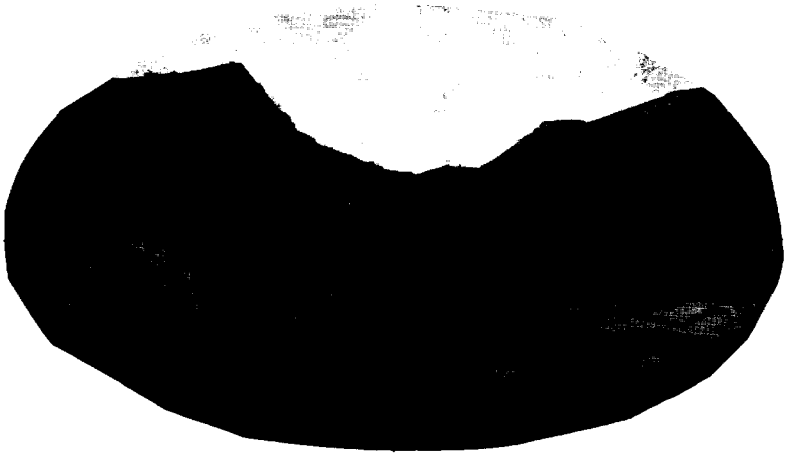
He watched her as she made ready to stand. His throat was dry and he was numb with cold. His mind had begun to turn on him. He got to his feet and helped her.

"Yes, old woman," he said. "Yes, the well. Take me to the whisky well."

They walked along the corrals. The chanting had died away. The narrow horizon before them had become a pale and brilliant rose, and it began to rain.

As they were about to turn the last corral Number 4 stepped in front of them. Hobson saw the low gray arc as the blade flashed across the old woman's middle. The blow spun her into the fence. He caught her before she could fall and heard the footsteps fade in the distance. His eyes were wide and he saw the poles of the fence. They were gray and smooth where the bark had been stripped away and the sun had dried and burned them. He laid the old woman down.

He walked south until he came to the arroyo. He stood on the edge and looked at the sky. The bright jagged line between the hills and the dark clouds was almost gone, but he could see one patch of pure color where there was a saddle on the skyline. There, like a small pool of water, was eternity. As he looked at it he thought he heard the first wind of the morning. But it was only a ruse of the silence. There was no wind. There was only the windless rain.



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CATHOLIC HIGHER EDUCATION:

The Economic Issues

Photography by Fabian Bachrach

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Seymour E. Harris

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SINCE I HAVE JUST PUBLISHED a long book on higher education (*Higher Education: Resources and Finance*, McGraw-Hill Book Company), I shall be brief on the general problems that affect Catholic as well as other Institutions of Higher Learning (IHL).

Fundamentally the problem that faces IHL is that their enrollment is going to increase very rapidly in the next 10 years, and they have to find the resources to finance the rising enrollment and also maintain a standard for higher education that corresponds with the improvement of the standard of living of the American people. At present the Institutions of Higher Learning have a budget roughly of $5 billion, and by the early 1970's this should be at least $12 billion. This increase is to be explained partly by the rise of enrollment, partly by the need of increasing faculty salaries to a point where an adequate supply of personnel will be available in numbers and of adequate quality, and partly in order to match the rise in the standard of living of the American people by a corresponding improvement in higher education.

The crucial issue is: where will these $12 billion come from? Obviously, it is necessary to depend on all possible sources of revenue: Government, tuition, and private gifts. Endowment will undoubtedly play a declining part as it has over the years. From about 25 per cent of income at the beginning of the century, endowment only provides about 5 per cent at the present. This is however not a problem which greatly concerns Catholic institutions since their endowments are on a very low level. The trend is from endowment to current gifts.

My own informed guess is that in the next 10 years a larger part of the total bill will be paid by tuition and a smaller part by Government. From 1957-58 to 1969-70, I estimate that tuition will rise from 25 to 40 per cent, and the Government's contribution will decline from 48 to 38 per cent. Endowment income and gifts will decline from 16 to 12 per cent, and other sources of income, such as scholarship funds will remain unchanged at 11 per cent. This is, however only an informed guess, and it may well be that Government will make a larger contribution than my estimates lead one to suspect. Much depends on traditions of higher education, the rate of growth, the attitudes of taxpayers in each state. In fact, when one considers the rise of spending in the 1950's by state and local governments of 150 per cent, or 100 per cent in stable dollars, there seems to be a considerable amount of leeway for the state and local governments to spend a larger amount of money on higher education.

Catholic institutions, of course, will have to depend primarily on tuition and secondarily on gifts. In fact, the larger the contribution of government to higher education, the more difficult is likely to become the problem of the Catholic institutions that have to compete with government subsidized institutions.

Undoubtedly IHL could perform more efficiently. They tend to be wasteful in their use of resources and particularly in having too many courses, too many small classes, excessive expenditures for educational fringes, great waste of space, unwillingness to experiment with new teaching procedures and techniques, and ineffective use of scholarship money. Moreover, location of colleges is often not based on such variables as location of students (markets) and potential faculty (labor), as is so often true of business enterprises. IHL also tend to duplicate excessively services and curricula provided by other colleges.

One reason a college is not run as efficiently as it might be is that the faculty in fact determines the curriculum, and also is responsible for all instructional problems. Therefore, there is a conflict between faculty, with its jealous control of curriculum, and the Administration, which is responsible for the budgetary position. A certain amount of inefficiency is the price that has to be paid for faculty control of the college. One wonders whether the price that is paid is not excessive and whether a better understanding of the economics of higher education by the faculty would not greatly reduce costs.

The large university is increasingly becoming a research rather than a teaching institution. Here again the problem is more serious for all IHL than for Catholic institutions which, although they are developing graduate curricula, have not moved as far ahead as other institutions. (I estimate that the costs per student are in the ratio of 1:2:4 for the

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first two years, the second two years and graduate work.) An increasing part of the budget of higher education goes for research, and much more time of the faculty is diverted to research programs. This means that a greater part of the burden of teaching in the next 10 or 15 years is likely to go to the four-year Liberal Arts College, and a smaller part to the large universities.

Like all other IHL, the Catholic institutions are likely to be confronted with increased demand for their space. In order to make the most effective use of this rising demand, the Catholic Colleges like others will have to decide on an appropriate pricing policy. Where there is little excess capacity and high standards the tendency will be not to increase the tuition, but to profit from the increased demand by an improvement in quality of students. Where there are serious financial problems, and there is excess capacity, there will be a tendency to increase numbers. Where there is little excess capacity and financial problems, the tendency will be to charge higher prices. Each institution will have to choose among these three alternatives and to some extent to use all three.

It is not easy to obtain the additional capital resources to increase capacity. This is one of the most serious problems in higher education, and here perhaps Federal aid might make a significant contribution as well as state aid. At the present time, I would estimate the average cost of plant at replacement value per additional student at least at $6,000. In fact, current estimates of the amount of additional plant needed to provide space for more than three million additional students in the next 10 years are of the order of about $7,000 per student. It seems to me therefore that the Catholic Colleges in order to double their enrollment in the next 10 years would require about $2 billion for capital investment. Since the Catholic institutions are predominantly in large cities, the need may be somewhat smaller since much dormitory space would not be required. But here again there is an offset, namely the higher land costs in the large cities.

HIGHEST CONCENTRATION OF Catholic population is in the following states in order (absolute numbers): New York, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, Michigan, Texas, and Wisconsin. This concentration is of importance for various reasons. First because of the competition with public IHL. Obviously if the Catholic institutions are in states where there is very heavy competition from public institutions, their chances of growth and survival are reduced. Of 17 states with large Catholic population totalling close to 30 million, 8 are in the Northeast and these are states, of course, where competition of public institutions is relatively weak. The average rank of these 8 states in proportion of public to total enrollment in IHL is 43. An average figure would be 24. There is also heavy concentration in the following states: Wisconsin, Ohio, Illinois, California, Michigan, Texas, Minnesota, Missouri, Indiana. They account for almost as many Catholics as the eight Northeastern states. Here the competition with public institutions is more serious with an average for the nine states of 27 in rank in the proportion of public to total enrollment of IHL. For the 17 states the average ranking is 34. Competition of public institutions is especially severe in California, which ranks 11th in its proportion of public enrollment, and Michigan, 12th.

On the whole the Catholic institutions are confronted with serious competition from public institutions, but not as much as might be expected from their numbers. The fact is they are concentrated heavily in large industrial states, and most of these states do not have ambitious programs of public higher education. Catholic institutions without large resources, for example, the University of Santa Clara in California, are of course seriously embarrassed by the very severe present and even greater potential competition of the public institutions. A university like Santa Clara with tuition fees of $800 competing with excellent community and state colleges in the immediate areas as well as with Berkeley, is likely to have serious problems.

This competition of the public institutions is likely to become more serious in the years to come. In the 1950's the proportion of students in public institutions increased from 50 to close to 60 per cent. The estimates are that they will account for 70 per cent by 1970, and perhaps close to 75

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or 80 per cent by 1985. Nevertheless, even with this large increase in the total enrollment of the public institutions, the total absolute number in private institutions should not decline.

One other aspect of the distribution of the Catholic population is relevant in our discussion of higher education. There is a heavy concentration in the large cities. It is also true that it is generally easier to get a higher education in the large city than in smaller places. For example, as one compares the ratio of population to enrollment in different counties, one will find that generally the counties with large population will have larger enrollment in relation to its percentage of population, than the less populated counties.

Thus, in the high population counties, say those that account for more than 25 per cent of the population, the index of percentage of enrollment to percentage of population was less than 1 for five counties, and 1 to 1.3 for nine counties, and above 1.3 for four counties. For the 10 largest cities the index varied from 0.9 for Baltimore to 2.9 for New York City. The average for the 10 cities was 1.7. Obviously it is easier to get a higher education if one lives in a large city. Many institutions are established in large cities, and what is more there are large savings in being able to live at home. This is a distinct advantage for the Catholic population.

The trends for a number of categories of Institutions of Higher Learning are given in Table A. The increase of enrollment in 23 large Catholic colleges in this period of 28 years is substantially higher than any other group except the total for the whole country which, of course, includes a large number of public institutions where the increase in enrollment has been very large. It is clear that the Catholic colleges are growing at a fairly rapid rate compared to other private institutions.

But when comparison is made of the increase of current income as against the rise of enrollment, the Catholic institutions are not doing as well. Thus, whereas current income in Ivy League universities increased about 8 times as much as enrollment, in six private universities about 33 times as much, and women's colleges experienced a rise of 173 per cent with virtually no increase of enrollment, and 20 outstanding Liberal Arts Colleges roughly about 10 times, and large urban colleges about 4 times, the increase of large Catholic institutions was roughly a little more than 4 times.

The improvement of student aid per student did not vary a great deal among the different categories of colleges. But student aid for large Catholic institutions is low. Incidentally, as percentage of students aided, Catholic colleges do not come out too well for their proportion—6.4 per cent in

TRENDS IN HIGHER EDUCATION *(Table A)*

% Rise, 1928 to 1956

	% Rise Enrollment	% Rise Current Income	Student Aid ($s per student)	% Rise Endowment	% Rise Endowment per student
Total, U.S.	141	—	—	192	20
8 Ivy League Universities	42	353	720	345	180
6 other Private Universities	30	1,025	786	107	26
10 Women's Colleges	0.5	173	872	132	71
20 Liberal Arts Colleges	47	500	572	170	56
40 Large Urban	79	335	685	130	29
23 Large Catholic	87	389	609	68	11

Source: Calculated from American Universities and Colleges, 1928-1956.

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1956 as against 20, 14, 21, 28, 6½ per cent for others. But there was an improvement from 3 per cent in 1940 to 6½ per cent in 1956.

As might be expected, the endowment rise is not large for the Catholic institutions. Moreover, their endowment per student is very low as an examination of this table will reveal, especially in relation to private institutions.

In a study for the National Catholic Education Association in November, 1961, Messrs. Robert Bokelman and Louis A. D'Amico, of the Office of Education compared the salaries and student costs of Catholic institutions with salaries and costs of other private institutions. They found rather small differences in the salaries for instructors and assistant professors, but for the associate professor, the average salary in Catholic institutions was $6,790, and in non-Catholic $7,180, or about 18 per cent higher in the non-Catholic. of full professor the salary was $8,040 for the Catholic, and $9,460 for the non-Catholic, or about 18 per cent higher in the non-Catholic. Differences were especially large in the North Atlantic region where they were close to 40 per cent. For the whole faculty, the differences were $6,130 for Catholic and $7,110 for non-Catholic or a difference of about 13 per cent.

Also to be noted is a much larger number of full professors and associate professors relatively in the private non-Catholic institutions than in the Catholic institutions. This is undoubtedly explained to some extent by the donated services by members of the various Catholic Orders.

How to explain the differences in the salaries? Undoubtedly the difficult financial problems of the Catholic institutions are a relevant point. Competition of the donated services may also be a relevant factor. Catholic colleges, as we shall see later, often tend to be relatively small compared to other institutions, and this of course means high unit costs. The number of faculty in relation to the number of students must therefore be relatively large. Another relevant factor is undoubtedly the fact that women teachers are a larger proportion of the total than is true of higher education in general.

The availability of the donated services of course reduces the cost of higher education in Catholic institutions. But coming along with increased enrollment is a declining trend in the proportion of services donated. For example, in 1950, the proportion of teachers from the religious Orders was 47 per cent, and by 1961 had fallen to 38 per cent.

In 1961 the ratio of teachers to students was 1 to 12, and this is a higher ratio of teachers in relation to students than prevails in higher education generally.

% INCOME AND EXPENDITURES (EDUCATIONAL AND GENERAL) *(Table B)*

INCOME

	All	Catholic
Tuition	38	71
Non-salaried Services Religious Orders	—	15
Government	31	—
Endowment and Gifts	9	14
Other	22	

EXPENDITURES

	All	Catholic
Resident Instruction	49	55
Administration	17	12
Maintenance and Operation of Plant	17	13
Organized Research	—	13
Other	11	7

Source: Adapted and calculated from A. B. Corrigan, Financial Problems of Catholic Colleges, America, 1953, pp. 35-41, and HEW, Statistics of Higher Education, 1957-58, p. 5.

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THE STATISTICS come from *Summary of Catholic Education, 1960-61* of the *National Catholic Welfare Conference*, Washington, D.C.

It is not easy to compare the income and expenditure structure of all IHL and Catholic IHL. But I attempt some comparisons of limited use. See Table B for a comparison of all IHL and Catholic IHL for 1949-50.

What strikes the investigator is the heavy reliance of the Catholic IHL on tuition and religious Orders, in contrast with all IHL which rely heavily on government and gifts and less on tuition. Despite the heavy relative reliance on tuition, the average tuition of Catholic IHL tends to be relatively low – thus in 1960-61 the average was 71 per cent for all Catholic 4-year institutions as against 38 in all private non-Catholic 4-year institutions. It is characteristic of IHL that have low tuition to depend heavily on tuition income. That means that low tuition colleges also tend to be even more low cost colleges with inadequate plant and low salaries. The contrast, of course, would not be nearly so great if comparisons were made with private IHL—tuition is more important with all private IHL and dependence on government less. But, nevertheless, tuition would remain more important and endowment and gifts much less significant for Catholic than for all private IHL.

On expenditures, the Catholic IHL tend to spend more relatively on instruction and less on research. Thus, higher relative outlays on plant operation and administration are partially explained largely by the smaller size of the average Catholic IHL.

Another comparison of some interest is of all private IHL in 1961 and Boston College, a large Catholic IHL of distinction and one that is steadily moving ahead. Again dependence on tuition stands out, as does lesser recourse to government (the research outlays are large) and lesser dependence on endowments and gifts. The major differences may be seen in Table C.

Differences in expenditures are not so great as in the preceding comparison. But the instructional bill is only 29 per cent for all private IHL and 44 per cent for Boston College, and organized research 20 and 14 per cent respectively.

% INCOME *(Table C)*

	All Private, 1959-60	Boston College, 1960-61
Tuition and fees	33	59
Government	21	14 (research)
Endowment and gifts . .	19	6

AVERAGE TUITION in 1960 in 61 Catholic accredited IHL = $618 (Arithmetic Mean = $634). This figure is roughly three-quarters of the average per private IHL and three times that for public IHL. (Two Catholic IHL had tuition as low as $100-$199, and 14 in excess of $1,000. Almost 100 were in the range from $400 to $799.) Another calculation yields an average (unweighted) tuition for 193 Catholic accredited IHL of $528.

For 161 Catholic IHL the contribution of tuition to educational and general income is 67 per cent. This is more than twice as high in proportion as for all IHL and much higher even than all private IHL.

Average educational and general income per student = $998,000 for 161 Catholic accredited IHL or roughly 45 per cent of the national average. The average educational and general income per student is $634. This is less than half that for all IHL.

Competition of the public IHL is of some interest here. In the states with large public programs, the Catholic IHL have to keep tuition rates down and hence since they are so dependent on tuition, the low tuition is reflected in reduced educational expenditures per student.

I compare in Table D two states with ambitious public programs for IHL, and two with restricted programs. Note that relative to population, the Catholic IHL are much more numerous in the states without large public programs—but in part because Catholic populations are larger in these states also.

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EDUCATIONAL AND GENERAL INCOME PER STUDENT (CATHOLIC) *(Table D)*

Generous Public Programs

California (8 IHL)	$574
Michigan (7 IHL)	552

Restricted Public Programs

Massachusetts (8 IHL)	$857
New York (20 IHL)	800

Average enrollment for 200 Catholic accredited IHL in 1960 was 1,382. This is somewhat less than for all IHL.

The average book value of endowment per Catholic accredited IHL (154 institutions) was $1,120,000, and $685 per student. This compares with about $3,200 for all private IHL.

For 200 IHL (Catholic) see Table E. It will be noted that 71 IHL have enrollments of less than 500, a level that is far from optimum. Costs are likely to be high or standards low for these IHL. Enrollment is less than 1,000 for not less than 132 of these IHL. Hence, on the whole many Catholic IHL are too small to operate at minimum costs. The median size is less than 700. These statistics compare with the following for all Catholic IHL.

I have considered 13 Catholic IHL with enrollments in excess of 5,000. (Detroit, Fordham and Marquette have enrollments in excess of 10,000). Catholic IHL have a substantial number of very large and very small IHL.

A comparison of most Catholic IHL and the top 13 is seen in Table F.

In general, the larger Catholic IHL have relative endowment exceeding their percentage of enrollment. But their expenditures per student for educational and general income is somewhat less than all Catholic IHL. But I suspect these figures are misleading. Actual expenditures per full time student are probably substantially higher than for all Catholic IHL, the explanation of this fact being that the Big 13 have much larger relative numbers of part-time students.

In Table G, I compare the whole population and Roman Catholics on the basis of income, education, occupation, and residence. In general, the Roman Catholic population stays up well in relation to the whole population. Household income of the Roman Catholic (RC) at $4,340 is about 5 per cent above average. But if comparison were not on a family but on a per capita basis, the income of Protestants could undoubtedly be higher. But it should be noted that in educational achievement, the R.C. is below average especially at the

SIZE DISTRIBUTION OF ENROLLMENT, 1960 OF 200 CATHOLIC IHL

(Table E)

Enrollment	Number of IHL	% of IHL	Enrollment	% Enrollment
Under 100	4	2	261	0.1
101- 300	23	11½	5,295	1.9
300- 500	44	22	17,028	6.2
500- 700	30	15	17,669	6.4
701-1000	31	15	25,976	9.4
1001-2000	39	19½	52,864	19.1
2001-5000	16	8	49,886	18.1
Over 5000	13	6½	107,392	38.9
Totals	200	99½	276,371	100.1

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A COMPARISON OF ENDOWMENTS AND EXPENDITURES PER STUDENT

(Table F)

	No. Colleges	Total	13 Large Colleges	% for 13
Enrollment	200	276,371	107,392	38.9
Book Value Endowment	154	$172.5 M	$79.6 M	46.7*
Educational and General Income	160	$160.7 M	$64.9 M	40.1**
Endowment per student	154	$685	$741	
Educational and General Income per Student	161	$634	$604	

** 13 large IHL have 42.7% of enrollment of 154 IHL.*
*** = % Enrollment of 160 = 42.4.*

DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION BY RELIGION, INCOME, EDUCATION, OCCUPATIONS AND RESIDENCE, LATE 1950's *(Table G)*

	All	Roman Catholic
Education, Head of Household—% with 4 or more years of college, white, 1957	9.1	6.8
Educational Attainment, median years of school completed by head of household	9.5	9.4
Proprietors, professional managers, officers, etc. % of total	22.6	21.0
Money income	$4,094	$4,340
Money income, household head with 4 or more years of college	$6,500	$6,789
Residence, % in South	30.6	13.9
% in Northeast	26.2	46.0

Source: Compiled from D. J. Bogue, The Population of the United States, 1959, Ch. 23.

college level (9.1 years for all and 6.8 for R.C.); and somewhat below in proportion in the top occupational groups.

Differences in income are largely explained by variations in educational achievement, occupations and regional concentration. That despite some disadvantages in education and occupations, the R.C. still have family incomes above average is explained by the heavy concentration in the high income Northeast (46 per cent against 26 per cent for the whole population in the N.E.), the small numbers in the low income South (13.9 per cent as against 30.6 for the whole population), and also heavy concentration in the large cities.

In one respect the income of the R.C. seems to be unsatisfactory. Of 38 counties with large Catholic populations (in 14 states) the average income is less than the state average in 29 instances, in excess in only 6, and roughly equal in 3.

This income survey at least suggests that the R.C. should not be at a disadvantage in finding resources for higher education. But this conclusion does not hold once we take account (as we shall see) of the heavy burden of parochial school finance.

EDUCATIONAL EXPENDITURES per student averages about $650 for Catholic IHL and $1,330 for all IHL. Such low resources per student puts the Catholic IHL at a great disadvantage. In one respect the difference is larger than here indicated. First, enrollment in the Catholic IHL is predominantly in the high income areas. Second, the cost per student in private IHL is $1,380 or a disadvantage for Catholic IHL of $750 per student.

It might be expected that with such large differences in costs per student, that the record of the Catholic IHL would not match that of all IHL. There may indeed be other relevant factors

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—e.g. the achievements of the parochial schools, a matter related to low income per student available in these schools, and also the amount of time devoted to religious instruction may also be a factor.

It is not easy to compare the achievements of Catholic and other IHL. But I list three tests that are of some validity. In listing these I hasten to add that the application of tests tied to national criteria may not be exactly fair when applied to Catholic IHL.

1. Catholic IHL with about 8½ per cent enrollment in IHL accounted for about 6½ per cent of graduates of National Merit Scholars over several years. This national competition administered effectively and fairly gives some indication of the standing of IHL in the view of outstanding high-school students and their advisors. In view of the resources available to Catholic schools, the underrepresentation of enrollment in Catholic IHL is smaller than might have been expected. (In classifying IHL as Catholic I followed the *1962 Official Guide to Catholic Educational Institutions*.)

2. Woodrow Wilson Scholars are selected on the basis of college records among seniors who intend to teach. Here again is a national competition well administered. In 1962-63 Catholic IHL accounted for 6+ of the Wilson Fellows by college of origin.

3. But the record is much less impressive when the comparison is of graduate schools selected for study by the Wilson Fellows. But 1½ per cent of the Fellows selected Catholic IHL.

Finally I have studied primarily the Catholic IHL. One estimate puts the Catholic students studying in non-Catholic colleges at 3/5 of the total. This is an important part of Catholic education.

The reader may be interested in the Catholic enrollment in the several IHL in the Boston area:

Boston University	16%
Harvard	9%
M.I.T.	16%
Northeastern	22%
Wellesley	7%

Source: Total enrollment from American Universities and Colleges, 1960. Enrollment in each college from Father Collins, Cambridge, Mass.

One final point. The Catholic population (household heads), despite low costs of higher education in 1955-56, had 8.9 and 6.8 per cent of its population with 1-3 and 4 or more years of college education as compared with 9.6 and 8.4 per cent for the whole population.

ALL IHL are confronted with serious financial problems which will be solved by seeking additional resources from all possible sources: tuition, government, gifts and endowment. In one respect the Catholic institutions are in a more favorable light than other non-public IHL. With Catholic populations heavily concentrated in the industrial areas where the tradition of public higher education is generally less strong than elsewhere and also where access to college is easier and less costly—for IHL are heavily concentrated in large cities—to this extent the Catholic population and Catholic IHL are more advantageously placed than the whole population.

But in other respects they are less fortunate. On the whole, the Catholic IHL are low cost and charge low tuition. Indeed, their tuition rates are higher than in the public IHL, but they are much lower than in all private IHL. The low costs prevail even though on the average the Catholic colleges tend to be somewhat smaller than all IHL. But there is a two model distribution, with 13 large Catholic IHL or 6 per cent of the total accounting for about 40 per cent of enrollment and with many small IHL. (Of 63 small colleges under the *Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges*, the 14 Catholic IHL average enrollment is 349, costs to students average $958, and endowment $1.372 million per institution. These are indeed small and uneconomic units, and their continued existence must be justified by non-economic considerations.)

The low costs may be explained to some extent by the subsidized services of non-lay teachers. But with instructional costs averaging about 40-50 per cent and with lay teachers in 1961 17,000 out of 25,000, the subsidies involved will not explain a large part of the difference in costs per student.

Catholic higher education suffers from numerous other disadvantages. First, the Catholic population is moving towards an average income that

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brings increased interest in higher education. (This is a disadvantage only in that the financing problems become more acute.) In fact over a recent 50 year period, the enrollment in all IHL rose by 10 times and for Catholic IHL by 17 times. This of course means much greater pressure on the Catholic IHL.

A second factor of much significance is the heavy burden of education generally on Catholic philanthropy. A rough estimate puts 2 per cent of personal income or about $8 billion for philanthropy for the nation. With 25 per cent of the population the Catholic share would be about $2 billion.

Yet the cost of parochial schools (elementary and secondary) must be very large. Exact figures are not available to me, but here are some rough guesses. The cost of public school education is roughly $350 per pupil per year. Costs are not so high for Catholic schools, with about three-quarters of the teachers being non lay. On the assumption that the non-lay teachers cost only one-third as much as the lay and that the average pay of the lay teachers is somewhat less than in public schools, I estimate a saving of teachers and professional salaries (roughly accounting for one-half of school budget) of $105 per pupil involved. Even if the other costs are only 75 per cent of the average in public schools, the net cost per pupil per year would be $175. I estimate also a subsidy of about $175 per student for various religious schools and IHL. Thus, the total philanthropic cost for 5,755,000 students attending all Catholic institutions would be about $1 billion. If living endowment were added, then the sum would be in excess of $1½ billion. This is a tremendous sum when put against the amounts available for the Catholic population for philanthropic purposes.

All of this points to the need of help, especially for the IHL, if the standards of Catholic IHL are to rise to the level of all IHL. It is not possible to turn out a well-trained college student at about $650 per student in Catholic IHL as compared with about $1330 in the nation, and $1380 for all private IHL for educational and general expenditures. The offset of donated services is not large even if we assume a saving of $5,000 per teacher for the roughly 8,000 faculty members involved. About $125 of the $730 difference per student is involved. More economic size of the smaller institutions would also help, though the current promise is not great here.

I would like to see government contribute to the needs of the non-public IHL inclusive of those with religious affiliations. I see no constitutional obstacles here, and federal money has been given to IHL with religious affiliations for many, many years—even to Brown University as a Land-Grant IHL when it had Baptist affiliations. Help to these IHL is especially needed because on the whole standards are low, and they are low because the students cannot afford to pay high tuition as a rule, and with the heavy demands for help for Catholic schools and other charitable needs, the resources are not available to raise funds per student to (say) $1400. With the Catholic population now beginning to move up to income levels which bring rising demand for higher education, and with the Catholic population growing at a rate of 50 per cent greater than the national population, the problems are becoming increasingly serious. The need is not only for operating expenses, but also for capital purposes and student aid. If the Federal Government with the aid of state and local governments do not make the necessary contributions, the net result would be either continued deterioration of the standards for the 8+ per cent of the student body in Catholic IHL, or a gradual movement of students into public or other independent IHL with the cost burden being put on these IHL.

In view of these problems and in view of the heavy costs of graduate study, it would be wise for IHL with serious financial problems to concentrate on strengthening standards in four year colleges before embarking on heavy outlays on graduate expansion.

I might add that help from the Federal Government to religious schools (exclusive of IHL) is out. First, because it is politically unacceptable; second, because there are serious constitutional issues; and third, because with the incentive offered by federal subsidies to expansion of non-public schools, a weakening of the public school structure, so important for the achievement of national goals, would result.

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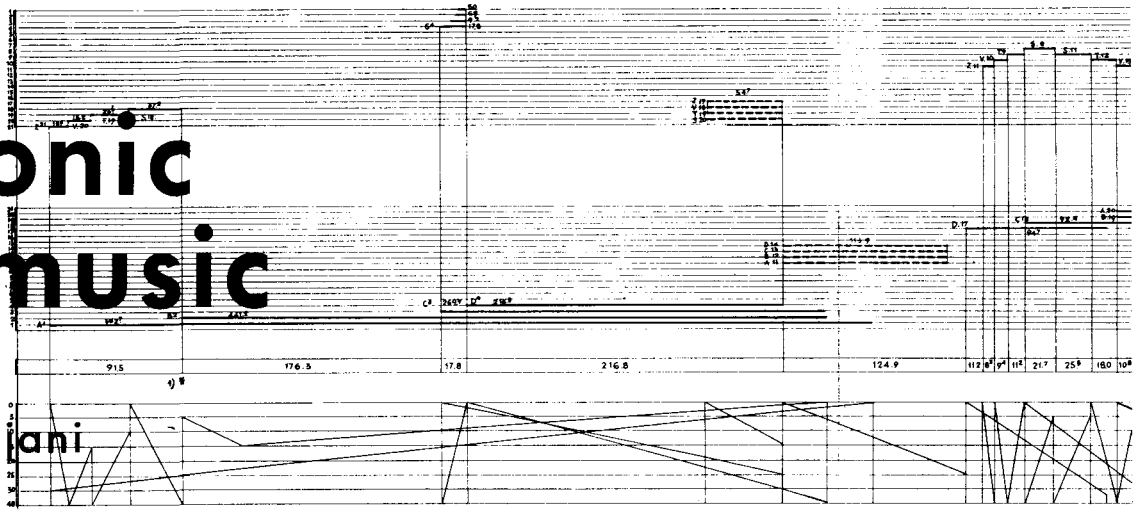
electronic music



Giovanni Camajani

IT WAS VIRGIL THOMPSON who, at a university lecture some years ago, indicated that there is no such thing as modern music, implying that our ears are so accustomed to dissonances in this age of increasing atonality that a few more disagreeable effects in music would not disturb us unduly any longer. One wonders what he would have said today when we note an ever yawning abyss between composer and public in products of the contemporary electronic school.

It has been said that musicians today are looking at music with a scientific eye and this age has forced them to embrace scientific attitudes. In consequence such titles as "Information as a Measure of Structure in Music," "Twelve-Tone Invariants as Compositional Determinants" and "Dimensioni" have replaced the traditional terms of symphony, sonata and tone poem, with disonance as a calculated disorder of the day mirroring the freneticism of contemporary life. The melodic line, where it is discernible, skitters from octave to octave, and whatever happened to the simple tensions and releases of alternate dissonance and consonance that gave us a chance to inhale and exhale based upon linguistic parallels of imperative, interrogative and declarative cadences of speech, is anybody's guess. The confusion is aggravated by the new vocabulary which refers to white noise, stachostic music, sinusoidal tones, parameters, sine-wave compositions and aleatoric aspects obtained by chance. The esoteric aspects reach an apex when we read that "all alteration of stimuli are rendered ineffective by the cellular structure of the valency-region if they are smaller than the difference limina at the appropriate velocity of the stimuli." If the prime purpose of technical language is clarity and precision, the scientific validity of all this special jargon is questionable.

When we consider that Pierre Boulez, a leading member of the *avant-garde* electronicians, left the field of mathematics at the age of 19, and that his Rhenish colleague Karlheinz Stockhausen has taken courses in information theory and communication theory that he may understand music better, then it behooves the rest of us to brush up on Boolean algebra and non-Euclidean geometry before listening to this new art. Here we have music through mathematics, an art of composition via numerology. Parenthetically it may be interesting to note that both Stockhausen and Boulez are pupils of Olivier Messiaen, who prefers to be known as a "theologic" as well as a "catholic" (Catholic) musician, though he has often been classed as a "mystic," and whose titles range from *La Nativité du Seigneur*, *Les Corps Glorieux* to *Louange á l'Eternité de Jesus* and who insists that his works, religious or not, are an act of faith and glorify the "Mystery of Christ."

THE CLEAVAGE between the composer and his public is occasioned mainly by the belief that electronics have effected a mechanization of an art. The "humanity" of music seems to be maligned by its present-day overt intellectual procedures, its computations and calculations. Like the atom bomb, spawned by science and now become a moral issue, we might recall that a French statesman once said that music is too important a thing to be left only in the hands of musicians. In this connection an apt reference seems to come from

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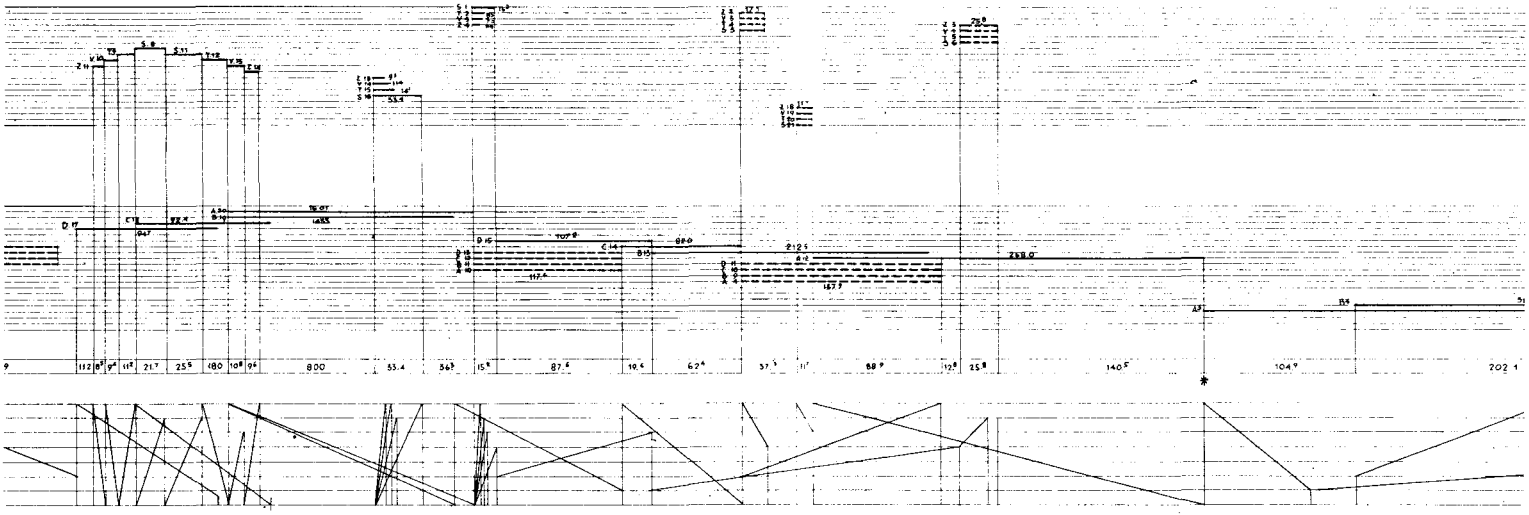

Otar Taktakisvili, a Soviet delegate to the International Conference of Composers held in Canada several years ago. "We don't want to employ mathematical concepts and mathematical instruments in competing with the classicists," said he, in referring to "the true vocation of music and its task of influencing and acting on human sentiments, human emotions and the human soul." This makes Ernst Krenek's statement that "the composer has liberated himself from the dictatorship of inspiration" seem somewhat hollow, even though he was referring to "precise advance planning," instead of waiting for the moment of inspiration. But all composers plan ahead. The progress and elaboration of a musical work depends upon the tonal subject, whether inspired or not. This is not unlike a debate which must adhere to the subject under discussion and not roam afield. Nor is it different from computer programming which answers a specific problem posed to the machine. The inspiration, the humanity, the soul, still determines the initial effort without which there could be no development. This is the same Krenek who so clearly explains dodecaphonic chromaticism with its repetitions, inversions and retrogressions via Gregorian chant!

A release from the dictatorship of inspiration," however, was effected long ago by Stravinsky, whose procedures for invoking the muse of inspiration call for ambling (more properly doodling) at the keyboard for hours while awaiting a chord or phrase that might trigger a spark of revelation. Although he tells us that "music is, by its very nature, essentially powerless to express anything at all, whether a feeling, an attitude of mind, a psychological mood, a phenomenon of nature," his consistency makes a *volte-face* with his description of *Petrushka as* "a distinct picture of a puppet, suddenly endowed with life, exasperating the patience of the orchestra with diabolical cascades of arpeggios. The orchestra, in turn, retaliates with menacing trumpet blasts. The outcome is a terrific noise which reaches its climax and ends in a sorrowful and querulous collapse of the poor puppet." Such loose logic is not in keeping with the austerity of one who is concerned with establishing order and discipline in a sonorous scheme of things; nor does it impugn the act of inspiration. Intelligence may be brought to bear on analysis after creation, but creation is the result of intuition. To put it more succinctly, intelligence is the seat of analysis, but never of creation. Stravinsky's bewilderment is even more apparent in his plea to the muses when he tells us that "One hopes to worship God with a little art if one has any, and if one hasn't then one should burn a little incense." In an age where the mathematical-minded messiah of music with his ubiquitous slide rule and his mathematico-acoustical disquisitions have assumed the proportions of a messianic movement, it is heartening to listen to the voice of Adolfo Salazar. "The effort to apply to art," he observes," norms based on physiology or physics . . . almost without exception, originates with people who are neither artists, physiologists, nor physicists. Theorists have overlooked that intuition which is the keystone to the artist's sensibility."

ALTHOUGH ELECTRONICS may have spawned a bloodless art, a cold calculating music of

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mathematics, it must be noted that its followers, admittedly few, are enthusiastic and eagerly look forward to new works with audiences that are growing larger each season. The general public, habituated to a mellifluous melodicity of the past 200 years, quite naturally has reacted rather poorly to what it considers a succession of squeaks and groans in many of these experiments. Nonetheless, many contemporary composers are hard at work both in America and in Europe on new electronic sounds, some of which are joined to live music with traditional instruments. Experiments in Paris are attracting audiences that fill the Odeon Theatre, having moved from the Salle Gaveau, which could accommodate a bare thousand listeners. Most of these are made up of other composers, the composer's friends and relatives, plus a generous sprinkling of the merely curious "sophisticates" in music. Composers in Darmstadt, Cologne, Milan, New York and San Francisco, as well as in Paris, are constantly creating what they believe is an unusual tonal aesthetic that is so new as to preclude any question of progress from the traditional to the electronic. The change is in the "field of action," according to Boulez, and possesses no liaison with the past. Much of this music is experimental, with a language that is completely new to the layman. Indeed, much of it is new to the musician! Much of it has an overlay of deliberate humbug, waiting for a mature creative effort in due time to extract the wheat from the chaff of psuedo-scientific gibberish. Experiments though these be, one hopes that a genius of the stature of a Bach or Monteverdi will come forward to create an art which may be emerging.

Western historical perspectives take us backward to the Greeks and follow a cumulative growth forward to Gregorian chant, the beginnings of counterpoint, initial triadic harmony of the Renaissance up to the 17th century, through stylistics of the Baroque, the Classical and the Romantic Schools. Perhaps one can point to the Viennese trinity of Schönberg and his two pupils, Alban Berg and Anton Webern, for the beginnings of modern atonality which has produced the electronic school of the past decade. Atonality is often viewed as a reaction against the subjectivism and romanticism of the 19th century Germanic school and reaches back to Wagner, Moussorgsky, Debussy and Busoni, who deserve credit for the break away from traditional harmony. Early impetus to this movement was given by Erik Satie, that musical satirist whose ironic wit and inane titles shocked the musician as well as the layman. His *Trois morceaux en forme de poire*" (three pieces in the form of a pear) has been often derided. Satie also omitted bar lines in his music and lampooned traditional directions with "*Comme un rossignol qui a mal de dent*" (Like a nightingale with a toothache).

Schönberg and his early essays in expressionism (a term borrowed from the graphic arts of Kandinsky, Picasso and Klee) representing a reaction from the impressionism (Degas, Monet, Manet) of Debussy, form a pedestal of understanding for the electronic school of writing. Present-day writers who inveigh against new music find a worthy counterpart in a German critic who, upon hearing the first performance of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* in 1912 wrote: "If this is music of the future, I pray that my Creator not let me live to hear it again." It was over fifty years ago that the trend started with the atonal experiments of this Viennese innovator with his *Klavierstücke* op. 11 (1908), though the non-harmonic contrapuntal aspects of his twelve-tone technique did not emerge until a few years later. The Schönbergian dodecaphonic schemata reveals a strong life-line extending back to the music of the Middle Ages. The nature of the twelve-tone concept which forms the basis for the music of our day can be understood best by thinking of repetition of the tonal mosaics so characteristic of Gregorian chant. Repetition and variation are two basic melodic constituents which give Gregorian its shape and coherence. The two-dimensional melodic elements (melody and rhythm, but excluding harmony) in all these variations are nothing more than melodic patterns and basic figures. The twelve-tone technique makes use of similar pattern-types and musical figurations through use of basic figure in order to attain formal unity. Gregorian chant also makes use of inversion and retrogression so clearly evident and exploited in the Schönbergian system and its root structures. Schönberg has been called a reformer and an in-

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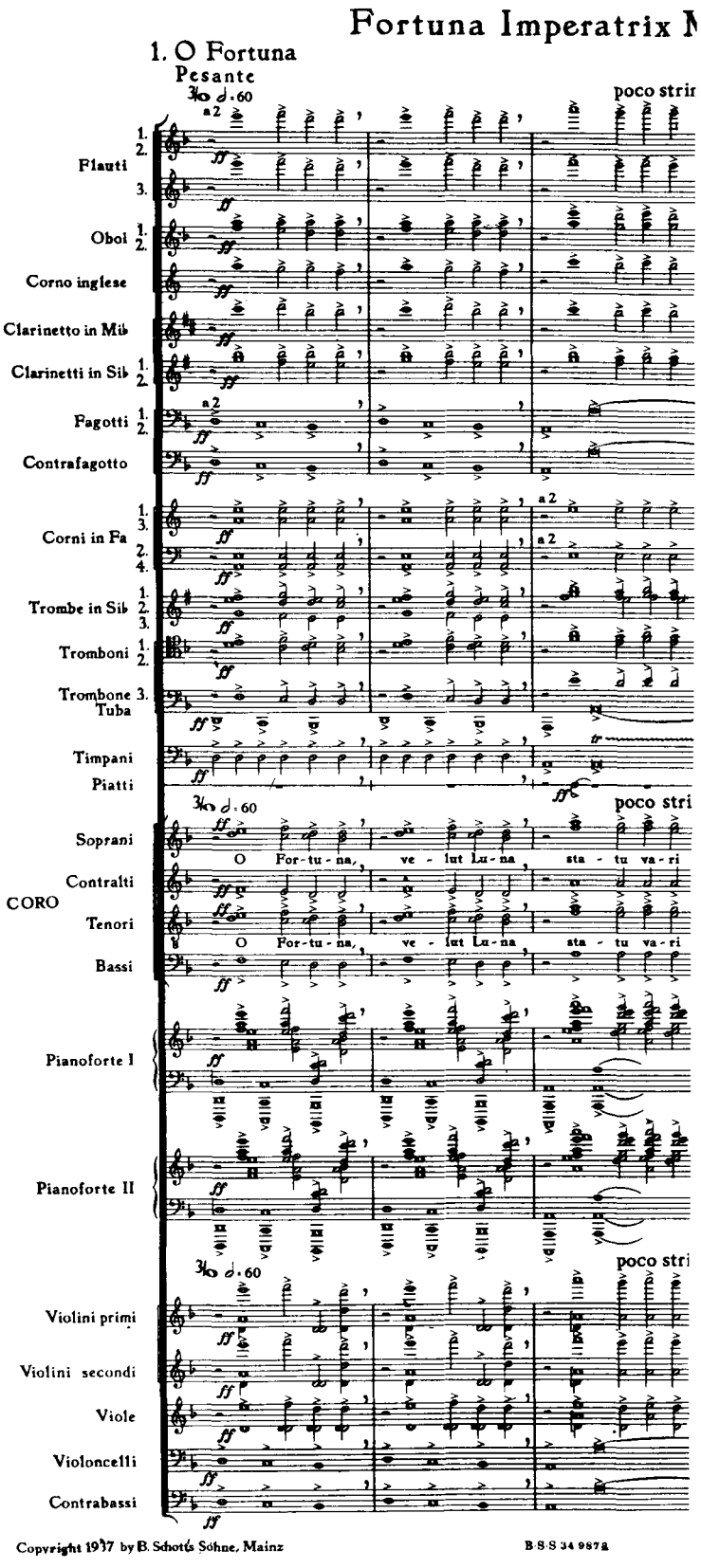
novator, but some critics have likened him to Ignatius of Loyola as a counter-reformer, in that he uses traditional materials in his insistence upon dissonance and suppression of the cadence. Of his two famous pupils, it is Berg who attempts to find a link to the past in his master's work, while Webern's emphasis, which is always on the novel and unusual, forces him to look to the future.

ELECTRONIC MUSIC takes its cue from Anton Webern. He represents the culmination of the Schönberg twelve-tone school. Here one finds brevity and condensation brought to an extreme degree. It is music of utter simplicity of means. To the uninitiated it may seem like tonal anarchy. Music of this kind is stripped to the bone. It is all sinew and gristle. Dry and ascetic, it is machine milled to timbres of close tolerances. There is no repetition of an idea in Webern. The "melodic" line leaps to strange intervals and is buffeted about from instrument to instrument and reminds one of a procedure not unlike the hocket, a type of medieval polyphony whose melodic line was fragmentized and divided among several voices. Tonal gravity is conspicuously absent. Nor do we find the lush orchestral color of massed harmonies with large orchestral forces so dear to ears that are used to the tonal warp and woof of the musical fabric and its horizontal melodicity conjoined with vertical harmonies. Instrumentation is extremely sparse, resulting in a crystalline clarity of textures with thin sounds. Enthusiastic Webernites, many of whom have heard only a fraction of his works, consider even his silences as a cornice for his sounds.

In addition to his twelve-tone compositions, Webern's important contribution lies in the relationship of intervals and proportions, ideas derived from Schönberg whose purpose is serial continuity. The term "series" or "row" originally referring to the twelve-tone row has been extended to include rhythm and dynamics, but excludes timbre, since it (timbre) "is neither integrally composed nor heard in the atonal structure of a serial composition." Hence it eliminates traditional instruments *(musique concrète)* and uses only a sinus tone, the smallest basic element in sound, together with generators, decibels, filters,



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tapespeed and modulator as some of its tools for permutation of timbres. All of this technological paraphernalia can be obtained only at a radio studio which places its machinery at the disposal of composers.

Electronic music includes *musique concrète* as its precursor in its orbit of development. Its initial efforts were due to Pierre Schaeffer, whose researches in 1948 were carried out in the studios of Radio-diffusion-Television Française. It is unique in that natural or electrically produced sounds are recorded on magnetic tape, and after being combined with each other, are variably processed to produce a piece of "concrete music." Sounds may be distorted through use of filters which excise different frequencies. The play-back may be increased or diminished in speed and/or it may be played backwards through a special instrument called the Phonogene, without altering its pitch. Pizzicato may be prolonged though use of the Morphophone, allowing the imagination of the composer full scope in enormously expanded possibilities not capable of notation. Electronic music per se, is made by an electric oscillator (synthetic sound) which adjusts to frequency, pitch and tone color desired. The use of adjacent frequencies in agglutination also permits the production of "fat sounds" presumably created via greater amplitude. But the traditional division of the octave into twelve tones is greatly expanded by the possibility of an infinity of subdivision mechanically produced. Thus the inherent possibilities of electronic music reach far beyond *musique concrète*. Additionally, the musical pattern may be determined with mechanical exactitude in advance, and written in the form of a score, not unlike a statistical graph. Strange things happen with graphs. Like statistics, they can be highly misleading and false. One German critic made a graph of a Psalm tune used by Bach (known popularly as the St. Anne fugue) and when he was through, he found that he had a perfect ground plan for the Cologne cathedral! The difficulties in producing this music are many and time consuming, often necessitating the services of a physicist at the right hand of a composer. Extending our observations further, it must be noted that the composer has arrived at a point of complete automation. He not only "composes" his own music, but his work begins with basic sound material and is accomplished without benefit of conventional notation, while its reproduction via electronic speakers is made possible without the traditional instruments or vocalists. As a result, the composer, acting as his own acoustician, composer and performer becomes a lonely figure whose concert effort as a mere button-pusher is hardly an alluring human spectacle. Truly, the electronic composer has achieved parthenogenesis. The sociological consequences are enormous.

THE USE OF ELECTRONICS has brought music to its third gradient of progress. Vocal music leads the list and its limits were set by the limitations of the human organ itself. Thus the speed of articulation, the intensity of sound and color from its monodic beginnings to its heyday of the *bel canto* school were limited to what the voice could do. The extension of the vocal ideas to instrumental techniques is a second gradient of evolution. Here we find that the instrumental potential was enlarged to include a complexity of rhythms, greater virtuosity, differentiation of timbres, all of which was based on vocal prototypes. The culmination of all these musics brings us to the electronic, where human participation is excluded from the means of realization and where a dehumanized music is conceived by the intellect alone, according to several German electronicists. Despite the seeming newness of this music, one notes a foreshadowing of some of its elements in the experimental works of Edgar Varèse and in some aspects of Messiaen. Messiaen's musical theology may be paired with Debussy, another forerunner of the moderns, who actually dipped his tonal palette in the waters of the Middle Ages for his harmonic structure and chiaroscuro of Impressionism.

Apart from the extreme technological difficulties in producing this music and its apparent adherence to the empirical, one must admire the intellectual fortitude and courage of this new breed of composer in noting that considerable thought and analysis is the life-blood of electronic practitioners. This clean aseptic intellection, however, has resulted in a sterility and superficiality whose

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centripetal vortex in the mathematical quicksands will inevitably engulf its practitioner unless he can obtain a cargo of vulgar emotions for ballast. It is more than probable, too, that in attempting to inject new life into the old tonal system, we may be performing an autopsy on the very thing we are trying to revive. The art of music may have emanated from an imitation of natural sounds, but the use of machinery to create new sounds and new organizational procedures imposes upon the listener a task which is difficult, since we are all steeped in music of the past. This problem is not exclusive to the realm of music. It is easier to stay with the known than to adopt the unknown. The exertion of effort seems to be in inverse proportion to technological advance. Art has always mirrored its environment and has ever extended a long finger of prophecy into the future. Perhaps the blame lies there. Speed and space are the considerations today, together with mechanized calculations. Perhaps this mirror of life is the distorted mirror of a penny arcade with all its meretricious facets. In an attempt to probe deeper into the mysteries of art we have succumbed to the succubus of science. Analytical psychologists have expressed it well by noting that they can transform personalities by digging down deeper, staying down longer, and coming up dirtier. Its value is questionable, and psychology today is taking another long look at its graphs and statistics. Perhaps we need to take another long look into the value of a life dominated by sheer science alone.

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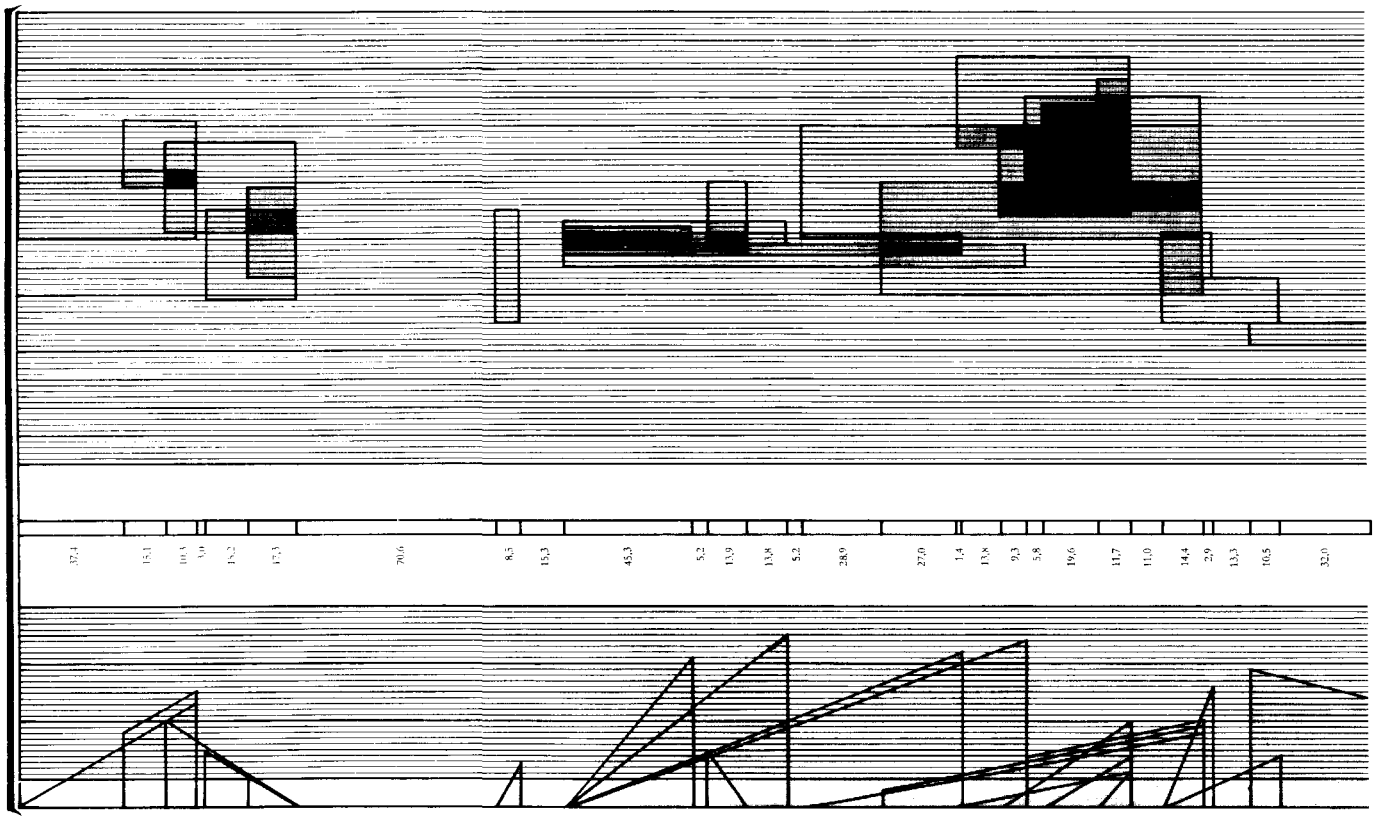

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WYNDHAM LEWIS

1. WYNDHAM LEWIS: *ENEMY OF THE ROSE*
by Warren Coffey

2. DRAWINGS BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

3. WYNDHAM LEWIS IN HIS LETTERS
by W. K. Rose

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WYNDHAM LEWIS: *ENEMY OF THE ROSE*

by Warren Coffey

Wyndham Lewis has sometimes been confused with D. B. Wyndham Lewis, which is unfortunate. D. B. Wyndham Lewis used to write a column for the London *Daily Express* and to be discussed in books on the Catholic Literary Revival, usually in the chapter following the Chesterton one. D. B. Wyndham Lewis now writes scampish informal biographies, "and this is not the man." Percy Wyndham Lewis (1882-1957) was a major writer, also one of the finest English draughtsmen and portraitists of his age. Because confusion and polemics at some point enter all discussions of Wyndham Lewis, some sketch of his career is necessary.

Lewis was educated at Rugby and at the Slade School of Fine Art and then spent a number of years in Europe "getting rid," he said, "of the bad effects of English education." He attended Bergson's lectures at the College de France and developed a strong hostility to the ideas of that worthy, specifically to Bergson's lyricizing about the Life Force and his notion that man is immersed in the flux of experience. Bergson's ideas were attacked by the leaders of the French classical revival, such men as Charles Maurras, Julien Benda, Ramon Fernandez, and Jacques Maritain. They saw Bergson's philosophy as an attack on reason and his lyricizing about emergent evolution as a fake-scientific cult of the irrational. So far as he can be identified with any school of thinkers, Wyndham Lewis belongs to this one. With Eliot and T. E. Hulme, he led the movement in England. The American equivalent of it, the New Humanism, belonged mainly to academicians led by Irving Babbitt. For most of its adherents, the program meant conservatism in politics, classicism in literature, Aristotelianism in philosophy, and Catholicism in religion. Wyndham Lewis took all of these positions except the last. Though always kindly disposed to Catholicism, he never entered the Church.

By 1907, Lewis had returned to England and by 1909 his work was appearing in Ford Madox Ford's *English Review*. Ford thought Lewis the "greatest anti-realist" in the "haughty and proud generation" of young writers he so generously encouraged. In 1914, Lewis issued *Blast No. 1*, the manifesto of Vorticism, which shouted in inch-high letters, "Blast years 1837-1900." Vorticism was the term Lewis chose to describe the abstract drawing and painting he was doing in those years, the vortex metaphor suggesting the artist as a still center dominating the whirl around him. *Blast No. 1* also contained an installment of Ford's great and neglected novel, *The Good Soldier*, and Lewis's highly stylized play, *The Enemy of the Stars*. The play was a literary expression of Lewis's Vorticism and contained his brilliant diagnosis of the modern situation, "Our brains are sick with the distances achieved by our instruments." Vorticism ended with World War I in which Lewis served first as an artillery officer—his friend and mentor T. E. Hulme was killed in a trench a short distance away from Lewis's battery—and later as

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a war artist attached to a corps of Canadian troops. Lewis was under the command in this latter period of that most improbable soldier, Augustus John.

LEWIS'S FIRST NOVEL, *Tarr*, appeared in serial installments in *The Egoist* in 1916-17 and was published in America in 1918 by Alfred Knopf. *Tarr* is an attack on Nietzschean romanticism and its hankering after the infinite as this is embodied in Otto Kreisler, the art student who ends a suicide. Lewis elsewhere accused Nietzsche of "making an Over-Man out of every vulgarly energetic grocer in Europe." Lewis's own idea of the artist is embodied in the character of Tarr, the young English painter who stresses the necessity of the artist's throwing overboard the romantic "cargo of inflated soul-stuff" and preserving in his work a sense of human limits.

In August of 1920, Lewis and T. S. Eliot made their famous journey to Paris to meet the Irish eminence, James Joyce. They went bearing gifts, a parcel sent along by Ezra Pound and containing a pair of shoes – used brown ones. Pound knew that Joyce, who always liked a bit of swank in his haberdashery, had been reduced for a long time to appearing on the boulevards in a pair of tennis shoes. The gift of shoes caused some stiff moments in the early going, but Joyce soon rallied and was very *grand seigneur*. Eliot was very British. Lewis and Joyce soon got on friendly terms though and came to like and respect each other. They would not have their falling-out until 1927 when Lewis in *Time and Western Man* mounted his attack on Joyce's writing. Joyce replied in *Finnegan's Wake*, where Lewis appears as Windy Nous. The friendship became strained, but behind all the mutual polemics was high and lasting mutual respect. And Joyce acknowledged that Lewis was much the best of his hostile critics.

In the early 1920's Lewis went into a kind of semi-retirement. He did very little writing and he destroyed much of his drawing. In 1923, he began his fine portrait of Edith Sitwell but did not finish it until 1935. The decade closes though with a great salvo of Lewis books: *The Art of Being Ruled* in 1926 and *Time and Western Man* in 1927, the key polemic works, and *The Childermass* in 1928, an onslaught in the manner and strength of Lucian against "Time-philosophy." And in 1930 came *The Apes of God*, the brilliant attack on Chelsea and Bloomsbury, the Sitwells and decay. The poet and friend of Lewis, Roy Campbell, who himself appears in *The Apes* as Zulu Blades, said in a review that for future generations "this book will certainly stand to *Ulysses* as *Candide* does to the *Confessions* and the *Emile* of Rousseau."

In 1931, Lewis published *Hitler*, a book which haunted him one way and another for the rest of his life. For on the basis of it he has repeatedly been attacked as a Fascist, much as the great Tory satirists of the eighteenth century were attacked as Jacobites and with about as much substance. Lewis's politics were always those of an artist and writer and must be seen in that context. Just as he opposed the wan writing of the British left—that crack patrol den-mothered by Virginia Woolf and scout-mastered by E. M. Forster—so he opposed its effete radicalism. But he was never of the party of Oswald Mosley. Lewis's defense of Hitler through most of the 1930's is the satirical antitype of the lyrical politics of the Left Book Club in that decade. Lewis after 1939 would continually denounce Hitler as a madman, but these denunciations are regularly ignored by his critics, critics who have been most strangely kind to prodigals returning from the other direction, to Arthur Koestler, for example. Or to George Orwell for that matter, a very honest man but not nearly the writer that Wyndham Lewis was. Lewis was as much a "Fascist" as Orwell was a "Communist," no more.

IN 1937 CAME the Lewis masterpiece, *The Revenge for Love*, a book in which a great satirist finds his appointed subject. This is Lewis's blast at intellectuals of the British Left on the eve of the Spanish Civil War and his chill assessment of their unreal pastoral attitudinizing about Spain. Lewis wrote in this book the hard, satiric kind of comedy that Ben Jonson wrote in *Volpone*. And like Jonson's play, Lewis's novel is one of the best constructed works in the language. It is a book impossible to quote from because all its strength is in scenes and in the whole, not in the clever bits of excisable dialogue characteristic of such inferior

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satirists as Aldous Huxley. The scene in which Percy Hardcaster, the professional agitator and saboteur, reveals the real workings of the Communists to Gillian Phipps, the red daughter of a country family, belongs among the great scenes of the satiric literature of the world. This is one of the century's great books, and as yet it is very little known. And Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*, a feeble piece of reportage, is cried up by Lionel Trilling as one of the "major documents" of our time.

In the late 30's, Lewis was also doing a great series of portraits, many of them of literary people. When in 1938 the Royal Academy refused to hang Lewis's portrait of T. S. Eliot, Lewis's friend Augustus John resigned from the Academy in disgust and stayed out for two years.

In 1940, Lewis left England, partly out of resentment at the way in which his work had been attacked and ignored, and went to Canada where he spent the war years in a kind of self-imposed exile. He was past the age of army service, it is worth pointing out, as some of the young anti-fascist luminaries leaving England more or less on the same ship were not. In 1941, he brought out *The Vulgar Streak*, a scathing satirical study of English class structure and the attempt of Vincent Penhale, the working class hero, to rise in life. The book anticipates curiously many of the subjects and situations that would later be handled by the Kingsley Amis generation, and handles them far more intelligently and artfully. But the 40's were, on the whole, a bad decade for Lewis. He disliked Toronto, his work was ignored, and he had no money. His difficulties were eased by the aid of the Basilian Fathers of Assumption College, but Lewis eventually left Canada and came to the United States for a brief period. In 1948 he went back to England, and by 1949 had come the crowning misfortune of this unhappy decade: Lewis started to lose his sight.

By 1951, his blindness was complete, a development he announced in the pages of *The Listener*, for which he had done over the years some very professional art criticism:

> "*My articles on contemporary art exhibitions necessarily end, for I can no longer see a picture . . . Pushed into an unlighted room, the door banged and locked for ever, I shall . . . have to light a lamp of aggressive voltage in my mind to keep at bay the night.*"

Despite the blindness Lewis continued to write and often to write very well. *The Writer and the Absolute* contains some excellent criticism of Sartre, whom Lewis thought a fraud, and of Camus and Orwell, to whom he was somewhat more kindly disposed. The stories collected in *Rotting Hill*, notably "My Disciple" and "Time the Tiger," have some finely comic things to say about art and politics in England under the Labor Party. And *Self-Condemned*, the partly autobiographical novel of 1954, gives a very moving account of Lewis's years of exile in Canada. But *Monstre Gai* and *Malign Fiesta*, which came out in 1955, were not up to *The Childermass*, to which Lewis attempted to graft them in order to make a grand trilogy, *The Human Age*. Satire is not a form which will support a work of that length or scale. *The Red Priest* in 1956 was a disappointment too; its first half was inferior Lewis social satire, its second a powerful but obscure and agitated historical parable about an Anglican priest who tries to reconcile Christian ideals with the fact of Marxist power in our time and ends murdered on an Arctic ice-cap.

When Lewis died in March, 1957, he had almost completed a novel about the artist in modern England, *Twentieth Century Palette*. And he was planning to add a fourth volume to *The Human Age* trilogy, *The Trial of Man*, in which he meant to take up the theme of man's relation to God. For Lewis had come to believe in his last years, Hugh Kenner has written, that the tragedy of Europe was due to its "loss of a common religion." And Lewis himself, Kenner says, had "a growing interest in the Catholic faith." Though Lewis died with a pension in the Civil List, he died also with most of his books out of print, the most neglected major writer of our time and its most resolute enemy.

Wyndham Lewis belongs to the same class of writers as Aristophanes. I am classifying here, not seeding. And this classification has, obviously, only the approximate truth of most literary ones. Obviously too there is an objection to it: Aris-

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tophanes wrote plays, Wyndham Lewis wrote novels and polemic critisism. But the objection is more literal than sound. For between the two writers there is a parallel historical experience, a common outlook, and a similar approach to writing that justifies the classification. Most basically, this is to be seen in the famous line from *The Clouds:* "*Zeus ouk on, all ant autou Dinos nuni basileuon.*" ("Zeus is deposed and Whirl is King.") Aristophanes was writing when Athens had gone into what proved to be the irreversible shock of the Peloponnesian War. Attached by birth and conviction to the traditional values of the Athenian ruling class—the Olympic gods, the aristocratic *ethos*, pre-sophist philosophy, pre-Euripidean literature – Aristophanes blasted all the innovations of his time. He disliked equally the sapping rationalism of the sophists, and its emotional literary and political counter-parts: the agonized soul-scapes of Euripides and the demagoguery of Cleon. His comedies are the product of the anti-lyrical, the anti-pastoral mind. He wrote the comic nay against the lyrical yea. He was the enemy of Whirl.

WYNDHAM LEWIS was the enemy of the Rose, i.e., of lyrical "Time-philosophy." He came out of the war that destroyed the old Europe and he attacked with all the resources of satire and comedy the lyrical thought of our epoch: Marx's pastoral vision of a perfect, classless society evolving in time; Nietzsche's lyricizing about the race of Over-Men that was supposed to spring from the German rain-forests; Bergson's raptures about the Life Force and what it might evolve for the race in time; Einstein's lyric avowal of the radical political and philosophic overtones of his physics. All these in one way or another can be traced to their origin in German romantic metaphysics. Even the relatively rationalist thought of Freud is, to a considerable extent, a function of that metaphysics, i.e., it grows out of the same movement that produced Von Hartmann's assertion that all is Unconscious. Freud was an intelligent man, however, as Von Hartmann was not, intelligent enough to make many qualifications. But the distance between Freud and Von Hartmann is almost as much rhetorical as it is logical: where Von Hartmann asserts and whirs in the approved German metaphysical way, Freud is forever pointing to his inaccessible experiences in the clinic and, if that fails to convince, charging the reader with resisting him because of some imperfection in the reader. (The sham of this last strategy was acutely pointed out by Wittgenstein, who remarked that Freud never acknowledged the almost slavering pre-disposition of many readers to favor a sexual explanation of all things.) These are only specimens of the kind of thinking that Wyndham Lewis attacked as "Time-philosophy." With several qualifications for Freud, all these thinkers see man as determined in time and his intelligence contributing very little to the process. Again with qualifications for Freud, all these idea systems have large elements of the visionary, the lyrical view of a future in which man by evolution would lose his human limitations.

Against this crying down of intelligence and this loss of the sense of human limits, Wyndham Lewis deployed the philosophy of Aristotle and the finest satiric art of our century. Here is his identification of the problem from *Time and Western Man:*

> *So the notion of the transformed "object" offered us by this doctrine [Time-Philosophy] is plainly in the nature of a "futurist" picture, like a running dog with a hundred legs and a dozen backs and heads. In place of the characteristic "static" form of Greek philosophy, you have a series, a group, or as Professor Whitehead says, a* reiteration. *In place of a "form" you have a "formation"... a repetition of a particular shape; you have a battalion of forms in place of one form. In your turn, "you" become the series of your temporal repetitions; you are no longer a centralized self, but a spun-out, strung-along series, a pattern-of-a-self, depending like the musical composition upon time; an "object" too always in the making. . . . So you are* a history: *there must be no present for you. You are an historical object, since your mental or time-life has been as it were objectified. The valuable advantages of being a "subject" will perhaps scarcely be understood by the race of* historical objects *that may be expected to ensue. . . . Everywhere the* snobbery of scale *is em-*

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ployed to drive home these doctrines. All recorded human history is merely a ripple *on the immense ocean of being, etc., we are assured. And feeling very, very small indeed, after that, in the ensuing discouragement almost* any *"truth" can be put across. This browbeating by means of* scale, *the immensity of light years, of geological epochs, of massed constellations and universes—that associated with ecstatic cosmic raptures—all the sickly flattery of the* élan vital *type of optimism—is how on the emotional, propagandist side the thing is done.*

Lewis's stroke of analysis in identifying time as the central preoccupation and shaper of modern thought is every bit as remarkable as Freud's supposed one of performing the first job of psychoanalysis on himself. By this one stroke, Lewis freed himself from the obsessional god of the Time-cult and from the bad nerves of most modern writing. He was freed to write the only prose of his era that can in point of force and strength be compared with Dryden's or Swift's. He got above time, and he used the vantage point to throw bombs of laughter at the folly of the age. "Satire," he once wrote, "is the great Heaven of Ideas where you meet the titans of red laughter." Wyndham Lewis at his best is one of those titans.

HE HAD THE COOL HEAD that the satirist has usually opposed to the warm imagination of the lyrical writer. This permitted him to see that under all the romancing about the exalted function of the artist in Joyce's *Portrait,* Joyce was suffering from "the ravages of the gentleman-complex," i.e., that being an artist was Stephen Daedalus's way to be something almost as fine as an English gentleman. Lewis saw too that under all the guise of stylistic innovation Joyce was aping the genial comedy of Sterne and Dickens. And that the famous stream-of-consciousness method inevitably led to psychologizing and in plumbing dark interiors destroyed the shape and contour of Joyce's work, the literary equivalent of the external lines and masses by which a statue lives. And Lewis saw too that, having abandoned his Catholic and Aristotelian past, Joyce would end by lyricizing things much worse—the indiscriminate biological yes at the end of *Ulysses* and the immersion in the stream of time at the end of *Finnegan's Wake.* For Lewis, Joyce was a great writer sacrificed to the Time-god. And Proust too, at least the lyrical dimension of Proust's great undertaking. For Proust suffered from the time-sensibility as Joyce from the time-imagination, and in pursuit of fleeting sensations wandered in psychological time about to "die of a rose in aromatic pain." For Lewis, Proust was a master social satirist whose work lost hardness and contour because of its lyrical time dimension. Joyce and Proust, Lewis regarded as the most sophisticated and technically accomplished of his contemporaries, and both fell to the Time-god.

Lewis was equally acute and equally cool-headed on the other kind of literary response to the Time-philosophy, the primitivism or pastoralism of D. H. Lawrence and others as against the sophistication of Joyce and Proust, roughly "the Gauguin maids in the banyan shades." Lewis, who was a critic of European society at least as strong as Lawrence, never trafficked in primitivist solutions. Lewis thought Lawrence was much the best of the primitivist lot, but was very scornful of attacks on the adult European intelligence, whatever form these took: glorification of instinct, or of the dark unconscious, or of the primitive, or of youth. The primitive and the pastoral take many forms, of course, in our time. The popular anthropology of Miss Margaret Mead, for example, is really pastoral poetry—those splendid Samoans laughing and leaping, illiterate, in the idyllic sun. Lewis's attitude to cults of this kind is best seen in his comment on the Negro cult of the 1920's: "My sense of what is just suffers when I observe some poor honest little pale-faced three-pound-a-week clerk being bullied by the literary Borzoi big-guns of Mr. Knopf, and told to go and kiss the toe of the nearest Negress and ask her *humbly* (as befits the pallid and unpigmented) to be his bride." The temper of Lewis's writing is here as always anti-lyrical.

TO THE LITERARY FORMULA of the Time-philosophy, "Say it with flowers," Wyndham Lewis opposed one of his own, "Say it with locomotives." The fondness of Time-philosophy for all things "warm, damp, evolving," Lewis blasted

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in cool, crisp, and achieved satires. He wrote the best English prose of the twentieth century, and he wrote the best satiric novel in the language, *Revenge for Love*—*Gulliver's Travels* and *Rasselas* are better satires, but they are not novels.

An independent and working professional, Lewis wrote some forty books in all: novels, a play, a long poem, short stories, polemical criticism of politics and the arts, autobiographical accounts of his work. Though no other of his books is quite up to *Revenge for Love*, Lewis even of the second flight is superior to any of Virginia Woolf or E. M. Forster, to name only two of his over-celebrated contemporaries. *The Apes of God*, for example, is Lewis of the second flight, but it is satire brilliant enough to have reminded William Yeats of the Irish master of satire, Jonathan Swift: ". . . something absent from all literature for a generation was back again and in a form rare in the literature of all generations, passion ennobled by intensity, by endurance, by wisdom. We had it in one man once. He lies in St. Patrick's now under the greatest epitaph in history." *Time and Western Man* is Lewis of the second flight, but with all its Aristophanic crankery it is the classic account of what has happened to the human mind and the arts in our century. *The Childermass* is Lewis of the second flight, but its opening section is the finest stretch of English prose since the eighteenth century masters. Only a sample can be given:

> The approach of the so-called Yang Gate is over a ridge of nummulitic limestone. From its red crest the city and its walls are seen as though in an isometric plan. Two miles across, a tract of mist and dust separates this ridge from the river. It is here that in a shimmering obscurity the emigrant mass is collected within sight of the walls of the magnetic city. To the accompaniment of innumerable blowing horns along the banks of the river, a chorus of mournful messages, the day breaks.

In passages like this, one sees the justice of T. S. Eliot's passing over Joyce to call Wyndham Lewis "the greatest prose master of my generation." *Tarr* and *The Vulgar Streak* round out the Lewis second flight: *Tarr* the only novel of art in English that can be compared to Joyce's *Portrait*, to which it is the necessary satiric anti-type, and *The Vulgar Streak* a social satire equalled only by Evelyn Waugh among English writers of this century.

THERE ARE a third and a fourth flight of Wyndham Lewis books too. And arithmetic now forces the admission that most of his books lodge there, mostly in the third flight. But the admission is less damaging than it seems, for even at this third level Lewis is as good as the best of George Orwell, and I do not mean to disparage Orwell. The chracteristic of these Lewis books is that they are bad wholes but have passages of great brilliance. The novel, *Self-Condemned*, with its slow and clumsy first half followed by the unforgettable fire and suicide scenes is an example. Or *Men without Art* among the critical books which deals very smartly indeed with Hemingway, Faulkner, and Eliot. Here, for example, is Lewis's delightful burlesque of the finickal manner and *persona* of the Eliot essays:

> . . . . *he can murmur, with a musing expression, that he* believes *that this, that, or the other should be thus and thus, and usually add that he has not* worked it out *properly yet, but perhaps may do so soon—though he is very vague about it just at present (in fact, a bit confused!) and (being by way of being a scholar, and so very, very* cautious, *as all true scholars must be, it is generally conceded) he does not wish to commit himself* at present, *more than just to say that, in his opinion, it is* quite on the cards, *that such and such a thing* may *be proved to be—some day—by somebody far abler than himself (for a spectacular "modesty" is very important too—it goes with "caution") may be shown to be of such an order.*

But the fine chapters on Hemingway, Faulkner, and Eliot are followed by ones of badly aimed and repetitious general abuse of modern writing which weaken the book as a whole. *Monstre Gai* and *Malign Fiesta*, the ambitious books of Lewis's last years, belong to this third flight too, for his writing had always been particularly attached to the visual, and after his blindness became complete in 1951, his books inevitably suffered. To the fourth flight belong a few obvious pot-boilers

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like *The Mysterious John Bull* and a few pretentious books where Lewis wrote on subjects he simply knew nothing about—Shakespeare's politics, for example, in *The Lion and the Fox*.

Wyndham Lewis wrote too much, and he often wrote carelessly. He imagined that satire could be written on the scale of epic and sometimes planned larger than the satirist can build. He had the arrogance of his generation of writers, and his arrogance worked against his finding the audience he needed. He sometimes chose to be wrong for no better reason than that the rest of the world happened to be right. Ford Madox Ford was right after all to call it "the haughty and proud generation." But is was given to Wyndham Lewis to assert in an inclement age a belief in human will and intelligence. He did "it round and maintained it lawful." He wrote against the entire positivist orthodoxy of his time, and he wrote in a form, satire, that has been under a cloud in English writing since Thackeray banned Swift from the living rooms of all good Victorians. His critics have not been disposed, hence, to overlook any of his failings. But Lewis wrote strongly, and he wrote, in general, in the cause of good sense. From his generation of prose writers, there remain these three: Lawrence, Joyce, and Lewis. The greatest of these is Wyndham Lewis.

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THE DUC DE JOYEUX SINGS

(A joke on James Joyce's assertions of noble ancestry, 1920's)

COLLECTION: WALTER MICHEL

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PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE
(Pencil and pastel; 1936)
COLLECTION: ANDREW DICKSON WHITE MUSEUM OF ART, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

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MEETING BETWEEN THE TYRO, MR. SEGANDO, AND THE TYRO, PHILLIP
(Design for Lewis's review The Tyro, *1921)*
COLLECTION: WALTER MICHEL

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BLUE NUDES
(circa 1914)
COLLECTION: W. K. ROSE

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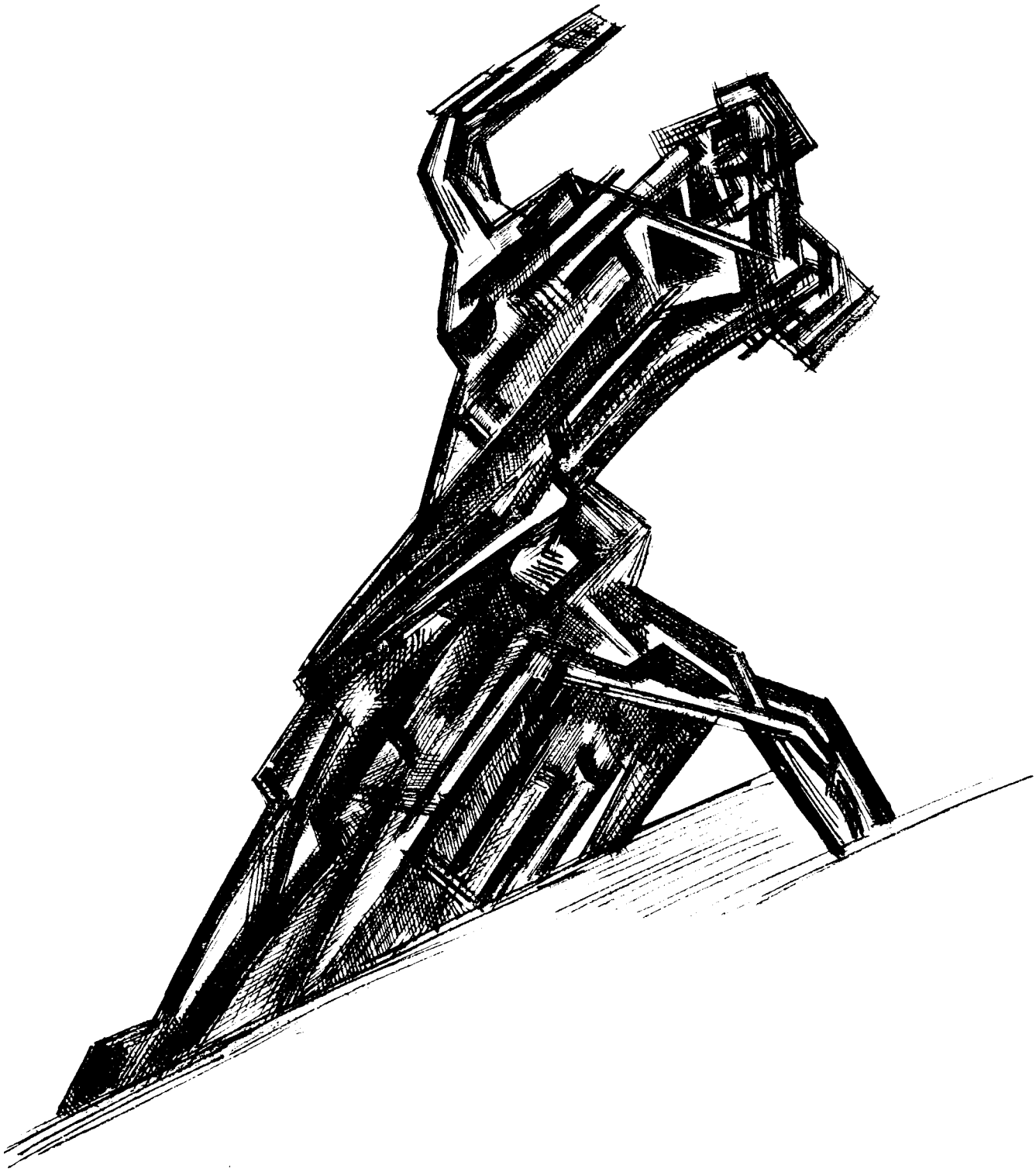

GUNNER (1919)
COLLECTION: W. K. ROSE

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PORTRAIT DRAWING OF SIR ARTHUR BLISS
(1921)
COLLECTION: W. K. ROSE

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FAMILY
(circa 1912)
COLLECTION: W. K. ROSE

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SUNSET IN PARADISE
(Ink, wash, and pastel; 1941-1942?)
COLLECTION: ANDREW DICKSON WHITE MUSEUM OF ART, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

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WYNDHAM LEWIS IN HIS LETTERS

by W. K. Rose

It is now six years since Wyndham Lewis died in London. He was then seventy-four and blind. For long a controversial figure in literature and art, he had become something of a grand old man. Yet he was less a public personage in 1957 than he had been in 1914, when *BLAST No. 1* disturbed the pre-war calm. Venerated by some of the knowing, despised by others, his name was familiar to most educated people, though like as not it called up inaccurate and confusing associations. Death sharpened the awareness of the English. In this country Lewis has continued to exist among the murkier notables of the early twentieth century.

This combination of fame and obscurity is a direct effect of both the man and his work. Much of Lewis's output is more than usually topical for an artist of his insight and range; books and pictures, wonderful in conception, are frequently flawed by quirky bias or lack of perseverance. In his private life Lewis was willfully mysterious, emerging now and then into public situations as a battling curmudgeon or an ebullient advocate or a sardonic satirist. Thus Hugh Kenner wrote of a meeting in 1956: "Lewis in old age, six years blind and now crippled by his last illness, remained the most magnetic figure in London, but he seemed not to be surrounded by London but by a trackless void."

"Trackless" is an exaggeration, perhaps warranted. Somewhere out there on a dog sled was, among others, T. S. Eliot. This old friend had been, as Lewis's letters show, an enthusiastic supporter for over thirty years. As recently as 1961 he reiterated his admiration in answering an attack on Lewis by Edith Sitwell, an enemy of forty years' standing. Mr. Eliot wrote that he regarded Wyndham Lewis as "one of the most important writers of my generation."

A reader turning to early stories such as "Cantleman's Spring-Mate," to sections of *Time and Western Man*, *Men Without Art*, *The Apes of God*, or to *The Revenge for Love* and *Self Condemned* (two uncelebrated later novels) might, to his surprise, find himself agreeing with the verdict. Anyone familiar with the many beautiful drawings Lewis did between 1912 and 1939, with his striking portraits and powerful "Vorticist" designs, will recognize him as an outstanding personality in the visual arts of his time. A view of Lewis in his letters is not, however, the appropriate one for assessing him as a creator. As his most personal and persistent means of expression, the letters do offer new insight into him as a historical figure and as a human being. They tell us much about what he stood for, how he acted, who he was.

The letters demonstrate, even more clearly than his books and pictures and journalism, that Wyndham Lewis played a leading part in the major artistic revolution of our century. Looking back on it, this movement seems to have stood above all for values of form and intel-

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lect. We can recognise it coming to a head in the years before World War I and observe it exploding in the 1920's. We now see it—indeed, it saw itself—as in reaction to the flabbiness, the bourgeois coziness, the hollow idealism that dominated the arts at the turn of the century. What Braque, Kandinsky, and the rest were doing in painting and design on the continent, Lewis was attempting on the less fertile soil of England. Art is form, the new artists said; it requires cerebration and refinement; it must be wrenched from the control of the middle class and the academy and restored to its rightful eminence and exclusiveness.

Literarily, Lewis was on better ground. The verbal arts have always found Britain's climate more hospitable than have the visual. And there occurred at this moment in London a confluence of talent that was undoubtedly galvanic. Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce (on the continent but closely allied), T. E. Hulme, Wyndham Lewis: here living in almost daily contact and feeling remarkably in agreement were the most creative literary minds of the age. Lewis called them "The Men of 1914," and but for them we might still be wrestling with the legacy of Chesterton and Barrie, of Edmund Gosse and John Masefield. Thanks to their declaration of independence—which Lewis helped to draft—English and American writers felt a new pride of craft, greater freedom of expression, and stronger obligations to truth and intelligence. Forty years later we have not come to the end of their impact, any more than Browning was free of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Lewis did not go on being consciously revolutionary all his life. (For one thing, the new order, *his* new order, established itself quickly). Like other leaders of the movement, he followed his own lines of development while remaining faithful to most of the attitudes and values of the cause. One of the crucial lines for him, as for Pound, was the political. The revolutionary artist cannot go far before he comes face to face with society; and if the artist is activist (Pound and Lewis as opposed to Eliot and Joyce), society will become politics. Given the premises of the movement—its idea of the aristocracy of art, its hatred of the market place—it was natural that its originators should lean towards the Right rather than the Left. One need think only of the Byzantine elegance of Yeats's late poems, of bestial Sweeney and Joyce's dispassionate naturalism. So Pound drifted towards Mussolini and Lewis, almost as disastrously, towards Hitler. But whereas his friend stood by Italy, Lewis abandoned his hopes for Germany (voiced in *Hitler* in 1931) when he discovered them to be in conflict with all his patriotic and humanitarian instincts.

By the end of World War II, Lewis had in fact swung almost to another extreme, at least as far as nationalism was concerned. But the damage to his reputation had been done and it took the pathos of blindness to regain for him a measure of the respect he deserved. Now that he is dead and we do not have to feel sorry for him any more, Lewis has resumed his politically suspect status with liberals of the intelligentsia. His letters, affording a close yet extended view of his career, show how various and changeable his politics were, and thereby reduce to scale a sensational moment in his hisory.

Of greater significance, I think, is the fact that we see in Lewis's correspondence the personal validity of his causes. He was so suited to create and expound the new art that one wonders if perhaps he didn't make it all up. (As Lewis pointed out, Eliot and Joyce were natively less pure revolutionaries; perhaps it was just because they were half-romantic in temper that they got more value from the new style than did Lewis, who for long subscribed wholeheartedly to its anti-sentimentality). Let us take two of his favourite theses: 1) the separation of body and mind; 2) the conflict between the artist-intellectual and the rest of society. The Cartesian notion belongs of course to the cluster of ideas around the revolution's advocacy of intellect; the artist-vs.-society idea was, as I have noted, one the movement's main themes. The letters show that both were for Lewis, like most strongly held ideas, reflexions of deeply rooted attitudes, that as such they existed before the new art came into being and they endured long after the tumult had subsided.

In *The Magic Mountain* Thomas Mann has his humanist mouthpiece say: " 'Did you know that

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the great Plotinus is said to have made the remark that he was ashamed to have a body?' " Herr Settembrini cites this in support of his humanistic idea that " 'within the antithesis of body and mind, the body is the evil, the devilish principle, for the body is nature, and nature . . . is evil, mystical and evil.' " He adjures the young Hans Castorp to *despise* the body " 'in so far as it sets itself up as the principle of gravity and inertia, when it obstructs the movement toward light . . . in so far as it represents the principle of disease and death, in so far as its specific essence is the essence of perversity, of decay, sensuality, and shame.' " Anyone familiar with Lewis's heroes from his earliest Breton automatons to René Harding of *Self Condemned* (1954), unwilling victim of his own sensuality, will know how to apply Settembrini to Lewis. But his letters reveal, as nothing else could, how indigenous the dichotomy was.

WHEN HE IS JUST PAST TWENTY we find the young Lewis giving a little illness a life of its own. He commiserates with his rheumy mother because at the end of winter "there are so few places for a cold to go, that when it finds itself well treated it's apt to stop; I'm sure you spoil it, and make too much fuss with it." Mann's idea that matter independent of mind is "evil" has, because Lewis's genius was essentially comic, become a joke—which does not mean of course that it is less seriously held. It remained a joke, albeit a grim one, when the laugh boomeranged a half-century later. By 1951 Lewis's vision had deteriorated to the point where he was virtually sightless. Forced to renounce his position as art critic for *The Listener*, he composed a valedictory ("The Sea-Mists of the Winter") which his view of the body as nuisance renders almost unbearably poignant. One hears the same note in a letter to an admirer who had read the piece: "I am so glad I succeed in making you laugh in unison with me. For it is of course idiotically funny suddenly to be deprived of one's main prop, the EYE."

The point that the Men of 1914 made about the artist and society had little to do, I think, with the romantic idea of alienation that gained ground later on and flourishes today in certain quarters. Theirs was a program more on the lines of *The Republic* (with the poet readmitted), a socially oriented assertion of values. They advocated the superiority of intellect and creativity and claimed their place at the top of the heap *for the sake of mankind*. Early on, Lewis erected the figure of the Crowdmaster, and after World War I he developed brilliantly his thesis of the Lion and the Fox, the lion of genius vs. the little foxes that eat the grapes. But, again, in the letters we see the attitude forming long before it became a program and holding to the bitter end. Little Percy Lewis wrote home from school, "Jones is not a bad fellow, but a deuce of a fool. Thorpe sextus in an ass too."

Even the childish assurance remained in maturity and old age. The politer, relativistic intellectual of later generations will likely think, in face of this stance: "immodest," "narrow-minded." Yet there is no doubt that it found its *raison d'être* in an era. Characterising the common tastes of "the old *avant-garde*," Dwight Macdonald has written that these consisted of "a shared respect for certain standards and an agreement that living art often runs counter to generally accepted ideas":

> *It was an elite community, a rather snobbish one, but anyone could join who cared enough about such odd things. Its significance was that it simply refused to compete in the established cultural market places. It made a desperate effort to fence off some area within which the serious artist could still function, to erect again the barriers between the* cognoscenti *and the* ignoscenti *that had been breached by the rise of Masscult.* (Masscult and Midcult)

This is what Lewis meant when he declared himself a member of the "Party of Genius," when he wrote in *BLAST*, "The moment a man feels or realizes himself as an artist, he ceases to belong to any milieu or time. . . . The Man in the Street and the Gentleman are equally ignored." The depth of the sentiment is underscored in a letter of 1916 to his mother. Writing from training camp, his removal to the front a daily preoccupation, Bombardier Lewis anticipates the cultural historian: "And I don't want to get killed for Mr. Lloyd George, or Mr. Asquith, or for any community

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except for that elusive but excellent one to which I belong."

LEAVING ASIDE HISTORICAL QUESTIONS, if we ask what his letters tell us about Lewis the man, the answer is "everything." Or at least as much as we shall ever know about this extraordinary human being. Lewis seems not to have kept a journal. If he had, it is unlikely, given his view of life, that it would have been confessional. And it is fair to ask whether a person's letters, when read in number, are not anyway as helpful a key to his identity as his diary. In letters we see the writer focused in the mirrors of his correspondents as in a fun-house. Each new mirror gives a new image, a different distortion. At the same time, the writer's distinguishing features (assuming he has some)—his moustache or his red necktie—will always be discernible. The composite at the end may be confusing, but it may also be as *true* as the diarist's vision of himself standing naked before a cheval glass in the obscurity of his locked room.

This seems the case even when letters are not notably intimate or reflective. Lewis's are on occasion (as when the young expatriate writes home to his mother) but more often they are about something, written with a particular purpose. Thus he has little to do with "epistolary art." Which is what he meant when he said in an open letter of 1937 to *Twentieth Century Verse*, "I never write a letter," and went on: "This must be a short letter. You did not expect it to be written in the periods of Gibbon, did you, or in the style of the Authorized Version?" Lewis's epistolary voice is wonderfully that of a particular man speaking—grainy, insistent, sometimes garbled, by turns strident and humorous, always unaffected. Even when he tries to sound official, full of serious affairs, the personality will intrude itself, deflating the rodomontade of the "business letter."

Because so many of Lewis's letters were purposive and often written in heat, a reader of them may lose sight of the casual, ebullient side of his nature. But if the writer's aggressiveness and spleen receive more than their due, we can be grateful for the style of his anger. In moments of passion his logic may fail him; his language hardly ever does. The result is often a striking piece of invective, again giving private dimension to our view of the man who proclaimed himself publicly as "The Enemy." Here he is having a go at the painter Paul Nash just after World War I:

> Of course, *Sunday "depresses" our little gentleman! Of course it does, then! "Sundays always depress me!" That was in your best style; so clever, and shows* such *a hypersensitive nature! But . . . are you* sure *that you are not working a little too hard? Is it not perhaps a little* too *oversensitive?*

Or, one war later, complaining to the editor of the *Times Literary supplement* about changes in a review he was invited to do:

> *But in the case of my own text, far from anonymity—or something characterless and neutral —supervening, a quite distinct, and* different, *personality to mine was there! I could never have written the words "emphatically an archipelago" . . . I should have laughed at them. Again, "on the* very *title page" . . . I could not have written. But there is* somebody—*you or another—who expresses himself in just that way.*

With his unusual capacity both for anger and bonhomie, Lewis inevitably attracted a variety of correspondents, from obscure disciples and combatants to such celebrities as Yeats, Augustus John, and Mr. Eliot. The effect of this spread and of the half-century length of his career, is to make his correspondence a kind of microcosm of his time and place. But I am speaking now of the letters as a source of knowledge of the *man;* and they are indeed telling. In them we see, with all his imperfections on, an exceptional person: exceptional in his vitality, in his gifts of intellect and imagination, in his particularity. The qualities are so notable that one need not try to ignore the imperfections.

CHIEF AMONG THESE, and connected with the splenetic prose just mentioned, was Lewis's persecution mania. His letters chronicle the rise and fall of the affliction. They do not, I think, make one more charitable towards it; at times its destructiveness is too apparent. They do, nevertheless, offer support to the truism that those who believe themselves sinned against often are. And if the letters are read chronologically, the disorder

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makes for a kind of structural interest, as of a subplot. We observe the seeding of it (desertion by father, etc.) and watch it develop into a trait of character. Then towards the end, noting the subject's suffering in his American exile and his physical trials, we see the symptoms subside. Lewis *vieux* is not less discriminating or satirical than he ever was, but he is less at the mercy of anger and bitterness, less apt to suspect dire conspiracies on the part of devoted friends. In the letters of his later years, humility and capacity for affection speak forth unprotected by the masque of the bombardier or the tragic comedian.

Pervasive as this paranoia was during certain periods, it did not, I believe, support the whole structure of Lewis's individuality nor even touch parts of it. For one thing, there is a distinguishing bumptiousness about the man. Yet this in itself seems an effect of contradictions rather than simple excess of good spirits. One is aware all through the letters of the chemistry of a contradictory nature: the spoiled child coupled with the hail-fellow-well-met, he is by turns lowering and hearty, nasty and tender; the sensitive introvert and yet *l'homme moyen sensuel*. This fellow seems capable of leading one quite solemnly to the brink of a volcano and then, as if suddenly possessed of new insight, of bursting into laughter. But there is much sympathy in Lewis, as well as urbanity and impatience with cant. Often one catches in him a sense of the wonder and fatality of the world such as most great men have had.

Small samples will not show the whole Wyndham Lewis. One could do worse, though, than quote from a letter of 1907 wherein he gives a comic account of what must have been a disturbing imbroglio in Paris. A crippled American friend jealously flourishes a revolver against the appearance of a rival Don Juan. Young Lewis tries to calm him. "The man arrived, was shot, and I was arrested." The tone is highly characteristic. Writing to an American in 1941, Lewis wants to give a sense of the unreality of Toronto in wartime. He felt it one day "when a tank moved down the street and as it was abreast a group of people, myself among them, waiting to cross the road, it let fly at a range of fifteen feet with a quite sizeable little cannon it had hidden in its flank. Its red flash darted at us, there was a deafening roar, the tank stopped and rocked." Then "the monster rumbled on, firing as it went at shoppers. No one took the slightest notice." Again, a personality announces itself, as it does everywhere in Lewis. Reading his letters one cannot escape a definition of personality, as if the man *were* his language. And for all the distorting reflexions of his correspondents, he is clearly one man. It is a feature of Lewis's power that through his many changes of mind, of place, of fortune, of physical condition, he remained so vitally himself.

The letters express in full measure Lewis's vitality, as in their robust, idiomatic language they give notice to his literary gifts. Human energy radiates from him in awesome quantities. One feels it especially in the way he is always committing himself. Reading Lewis's letters is like reading Shaw's prefaces. There are few new ideas, but thousands of fresh opinions are memorably stated. Lewis had hardly digested a fact before he was taking a position on it—whether it was a political issue or a horse race or a new painter. And if his chief cause was Number One, he had enough gusto to devote himself to an interminable succession of others: human and ideological, emotional and dispassionate, material and esthetic. It is this unflagging awareness and this impulse towards engagement that seem above all to characterise Lewis's letters (as they do the letters of Pound and D. H. Lawrence). They are qualities that go far towards producing an indelible image in a house of mirrors.

W. K. Rose *is editor of the forthcoming* Letters of Wyndham Lewis *(New Directions; September, 1963). This essay is a revised version of the Preface to that book. Mr. Rose is Associate Professor of English at Vassar College.*

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The New Poetry. Selected by A. Alvarez. London: Penguin Books. 189 pp. Eight shillings.

Selected Poems. By Thom Gunn and Ted Hughes. London: Faber and Faber. 65 pp. Five shillings.

When the history of poetry in English in the modern period (roughly, from 1914 to mid-century) comes to be written, the supreme names will be Yeats, Eliot, and Auden. Ezra Pound, technically so influential, will be subsidiary and to one side. Wallace Stevens, remembered mostly for his early work, will be with Pound. Hart Crane and Dylan Thomas will be called "enthusiasms of the undergraduate," but will be *read:* openly, by the young; furtively, by the middle-aged. And old men *à la clarté déserte de sa lampe* will page through thin volumes called *Silver Metaphysicals of the Hiroshima Era*, containing selections from Ransom, Tate, Winters, Graves, Empson, Jarrell, Berryman, Lowell, and perhaps even Thom Gunn.

Or so I sometimes glumly feel. A paperback anthology such as Alvarez', in the popular Penguin series, focused on recent British poetry, is symptomatic of a change in the reading, as well as the making, of poems. It is odd that it exists at all, since the public is supposed to be alienated from this incomprehensible modern poetry, not lapping it up eagerly in quarter-million-copy editions. But it is odder still when one turns to see what the new British poetry is like: for it is almost all rather plain in style, regular in meter, rhymed, full of sense and saws and generalities, open, bluff, agnostic—*Poor Richard's Almanack* put into villanelles for Welfare State mothers and other bleak, black-stockinged creatures trudging in sensible shoes toward London with *BAN-THE-BOMB!* signs bloomly forlornly in their midst. What would they read, these pilgrims, in this Penguin? A cranky introduction by Alvarez ("Beyond the Gentility Principle"); two first-rate American poets (John Berryman and Robert Lowell) who are supposed to be responsible for the eighteen Englishmen who follow (Norman MacCaig; R. S. Thomas; D. J. Enright; Donald Davie; Philip Larkin; Kingsley Amis; David Holbrook; Michael Hamburger; John Wain; Arthur Boyars; Christopher Middleton; Charles Tomlinson; Iain Crichton Smith; Thom Gunn; Ted Hughes; Geoffrey Hill; Peter Redgrove; John Fuller). This is assuredly, as Alvarez tells us, "a personal anthology."

We learn the reason why the new British poetry is not experimental: ". . . the experimental techniques of Eliot and the rest never really took on in England because they were an essentially American concern . . . Sometime in the twenties Thomas Hardy remarked to Robert Graves that '*vers libre* could come to nothing in England . . .'" Alvarez feels that three "negative feed-backs" have made the new poets "write on the old themes in the old styles." The first was that of the Auden group; the second that of Dylan Thomas and the new Romantics; the third that of the Movement (Larkin, Amis, Wain, Gunn), reacting against Thomas.

"The thirties poets reacted against those of the twenties by asserting that they had no time to be difficult or inward or experimental; the political situation was too urgent. Auden gave them the go-ahead because he combined an extraordinary technical skill in traditional forms with an extraordinary feel for the most contemporary of contemporary idiom . . . His trouble was that he was too skilful. So he was able to channel his deep neurotic disturbances into light verse . . . while his contemporary knowingness, his skill with references, with slang, with the time's immediate worries went into the production of a kind of social, occasional verse, mostly traditional in form, but highly up-to-date in idiom." Alvarez dislikes Auden essentially because Auden was too successful, had too many disciples, and became first an American and then a Christian.

"The reaction to Auden took the form of anti-intellectualism. He was thought to be too clever and not sufficiently emotional for the extreme circumstances of the forties. The war brought with it a taste for high, if obscure, rhetoric. The log-rolling thirties were followed by the drum-rolling forties. The new master, of course, was Dylan Thomas." Alvarez analyzes Thomas with accuracy, if not with empathy: ". . . his rhetoric eventually ran on when the reasons for it had faltered. But the talent was there, however self-destructive it eventually became. His followers, however, used his work as an excuse to kiss *all* meaning goodbye. All that mattered was that the verse should sound impressive. This was the second negative feed-back; a blockage against intelligence."

The third reaction "against wild, loose emotion" was the Movement, codified in Robert Conquest's 1956 anthology, *New Lines*. This book contained the work of nine poets (most of them now in this Penguin); Larkin and Gunn were the best of the Movement poets. Alvarez describes their work: ". . . academic-administrative verse, polite, knowledgeable, efficient, polished, and, in its quiet way, even intelligent." Obviously, such verse has serious limitations. Much of it is flimsier than the most slapdash things of Auden. Even Alvarez has his doubts about

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it ("There is always the delicate question of how common common sense should be."), and we find that he will soon indict even the third negative feed-back: "All three negative feed-backs work, in their different ways, to preserve the idea that life in England goes on much as it always has. . . . The upper-middle class, or Tory, ideal . . . presented in its pure crystalline form by John Betjeman . . . may have given way to the predominantly lower-middle class, or Labour, ideal of the Movement and the Angries, but the concept of gentility still reigns supreme. And gentility is a belief that life is always more or less orderly, people always more or less polite, their emotions and habits more or less decent and more or less controllable; that God, in short, is more or less good."

Alvarez wants poets to go "beyond the gentility principle," and is rather happy that "certain forces" have at last broken down our gentility and "the old standards of civilization." These forces are "two world wars, the concentration camps, genocide, and the threat of nuclear war." Alvarez becomes almost gloating: "Where once, at worst, regiments of professional soldiers were wiped out, now whole cities go. Instead of the death of individuals, we have mass extermination. Instead of individual torture and sadism, we have concentration camps run scientifically as death factories." But he is reassured by the developments of psychoanalysis: "The forceable recognition of a mass evil outside us has developed precisely parallel with psychoanalysis; that is, with our recognition of the ways in which the same forces are at work within us." And he suggests that "the makers of horror films are more in tune with contemporary anxiety than most English poets."

Some of what Alvarez says is true; much of it is very foolish; and all of it is delivered in such a dead-earnest dock-worker style that one wonders whether even his funny sentences ("Had Freud been born in London instead of Vienna, he would probably have finished not in psychoanalysis but in criminology.") were intended to be funny. Wit has been banished from his Welfare State. Predictably, the posh Names which get dropped with leaden thuds in his introduction are those of the Labour Triumvirate: Lawrence, Leavis, Orwell. What do they have in common? Lower-class origins, truculence, and "honesty." (When Alvarez talks, as he does, of "honesty" and "sincerity," he sounds like Little Orphan Annie comforting her dog, Sandy; after the first metric ton of his sincerity, the reader begins to cry aloud for *A Richelieu! A Talleyrand!*) And he tells us that Dr. Leavis "has come . . . to believe that D. H. Lawrence and T. S. Eliot represent the two warring and unreconcilable poles of modern literature," but that he (Alvarez) believes that "the new depth poetry" can combine Lawrence and Eliot—Lawrence for "psychological insight and integrity," Eliot for "technical skill and formal intelligence." He quotes in full a cloudy poem by Ted Hughes as an instance of this blending.

Now it seems to me that Alvarez is wrong about the rôle of Lawrence in all this. Most of Lawrence's own poetry is bad; the "sensitive," lyric poems imitate Whitman; the light, satirical ones are always changing into doggerel. The best poets in this collection (Berryman, Lowell, and Gunn) owe nothing to Lawrence; the first two, Americans, descend poetically from Eliot; Thom Gunn owes much to Winters and the New Criticism. There *are* some "Lawrencian" poets in this anthology, but only Ted Hughes is very successful in this vein; and some of the others are excessively sleek Apocalyptics: one expects them to step down from the newly-beached Ark bearing a jar of olive oil in their hands.

Alvarez correctly selects Berryman and Lowell as the most impressive American poets of the forties (and he might have added Randall Jarrell, who certainly concerned himself with war, the death camps, etc.) "During the forties . . . when English poetry was at its nadir, there arose in the States a new generation of poets, the most important of whom were Robert Lowell and John Berryman. They had assimilated the lesson of Eliot and the critical thirties: they assumed that a poet, to earn his title, had to be very skilful, very original, and very intelligent. But they were no longer concerned with Eliot's rearguard action against the late Romantics; they were . . . no longer adherents of the cult of rigid impersonality. So they were able to write poetry of immense skill and intelligence which coped openly with the quick of their experience, experience sometimes on the edge of disintegration and breakdown." Alvarez cites Lowell's *Life Studies* as "a large step forward in this new direction." Alvarez however admits that "several pieces in *Life Studies* fail for appearing more compulsively concerned with the processes of psychoanalysis than with those of poetry."

The Americans (Berryman and Lowell) are intelligently selected by Alvarez. Turn from their fire to the British poets who follow, and a drizzle sets in. Larkin is rather good, but there is not much of him; Davie and Amis write competent light verse; Geoffrey Hill is cryptic, with echoes of Tate; Ted Hughes has energy

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and skill, but he also has alarming lapses. At least eight of the poets are mediocre; they should have been eliminated to provide more space for the better poets. Thom Gunn is easily the best of all the British poets, and he deserves more attention.

Faber and Faber has issued a joint selected edition of Thom Gunn and Ted Hughes. Hughes has a real gift, but he is not to my taste, and I shall leave him to a more sympathetic reviewer. Thom Gunn is probably the best British poet since the war.

Thom Gunn was born in 1929, and was educated at Cambridge (under Leavis) and at Stanford (under Winters); he teaches presently at the University of California in Berkeley. His first book, *Fighting Terms* (1954), is still his best. It has certain flaws of diction, but it is a remarkably sustained collection. The poems are self-consciously masculine, "gutsy," indebted to Empson and Auden and perhaps to the hardboiled stance of Hemingway; they are also in the line of Donne and some of "the tougher poets" of the Elizabethan tradition. The best poems of this first book are: *Carnal Knowledge; The Wound; Lofty in the Palais de Danse; The Secret Sharer; A Mirror for Poets; The Beach Head; For a Birthday; Incident on a Journey.*

At Stanford, Gunn came under the influence of Yvor Winters. In his second book, *The Sense of Movement* (1957), the meter is more regular, the line more polished. As a collection, however, it is inferior to *Fighting Terms*. Too many of the poems are academic set-pieces on subjects (Merlin, Julian the Apostate, St. Martin, Jesus) in which Gunn has no real interest; these poems have a faked quality. Some of the poems attempt to treat beatnik themes in the language of Winters (*The Unsettled Motorcyclist's Vision of His Death; The Beaters*), but only one such poem (*On The Move*) is a brilliant success. *On The Move* is the clearest exposition of Gunn's philosophy of living ("*One joins the movement in a valueless world./ At worst, one is in motion; and at best,/ Reaching no absolute, in which to rest,/ One is always nearer by not keeping still.*"), and it is very impressively written. *The Silver Age, The Corridor,* and *Vox Humana* are other very good poems of the second volume.

Gunn's most recent book, *My Sad Captains* (1961), is slighter. The first part consists of successful poems in his familiar tight style; controlled and intelligent. The opening poem, *In Santa Maria Del Popolo*, is a sinister examination of Caravaggio, crime, and the consolations of religion; while it tends to fall a little into the class of "My-Fulbright-To-Italy-Poem," it is so well done that it is probably the best poem in *My Sad Captains*. Other good ones are: *The Annihilation of Nothing; Innocence; The Byrnies;* and *Claus von Stauffenberg*. In the second part of *My Sad Captains*, Gunn experiments with syllabics, off-rhymes, a looser line; these poems, except for the beautiful title-poem, are weak: take away his tight line, his constraining harness, and Gunn can scarcely write. All his best work has been done in tight, neat forms: *he* has nothing to gain from experimentation!

—Harry Stiehl

In My Disc of Gold. Itinerary to Christ of William Congdon. Presentations by Jacques Maritain, Father M. C. D'Arcy S.J., Thomas Merton. New York: Reynal & Company. 81 pp. $10.00.

It is indeed unfortunate that there are not more plates in this well-made book. Personally, I would like to see more of this very gifted artist's work, both for my own pleasure and to understand better the man's artistic direction.

William Congdon's book is basically composed of three parts: works done before his conversion to Catholicism, paintings done shortly after his conversion, and comments intended to interpret manifestations in his pictures and life. This latter portion documents a spiritual odyssey of great interest and presents a problem at the same time.

Any art-lover is interested in the personal life of the artist. We all are fascinated by the letters of Van Gogh to his brother, pleased by Michelangelo's sonnets, and intrigued by Klee's pedagogical sketchbook. The writings of these and many other artists serve as an extension of their personalities and as a source of insight for us. Why then must an occasional painter venture into the unknown of philosophical evaluation? Is not the artist's work his philosophy? Or better, does he not find his philosophy in work? Congdon's words show flashes of insight coupled with some narrowness that almost squeaks. Perhaps he feels, in a moment of weakness, that his pictures do not quite complete what it is he wishes to say, or he does not understand what he has done and thus resorts to words. The artist seems to be on firmer footing when his words are restricted to comments dealing directly with technique or observations based solely on his own work.

In describing his "first conversion," Congdon displays an acute understanding of his craft and comes to terms with it. "I painted the image of the object, that rose up within me as emotion, that impelled me to paint, in its own time, not mine." The acceptance of his emotions freed him to express whatever was inside him and to be unafraid to rely on intuition. Congdon tells of his new freedom while in Venice. "Sunlight is the blood of Venice; it bursts every figure, every stone resistance of bridge and wall until, liberated of its material weight, the city floats as in a mirage." Sunlight has special meaning for him, and Congdon, being an artist much in tune with what he sees, was able to create an expressive form that embodies his reaction to the experience and breathed life into it. The creative act, for the

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artist, is a simultaneous release of the mind, the eye, and the hand. There is no order of succession; rather the phenomenon is one massive reflex as though the artist's hand is directed from without or that the image is formed on canvas as if by magic.

After Congdon's conversion to Catholicism (he refers to it as his second conversion), he again shows insight in realizing the pitfalls awaiting the converted artist. "He will be tempted to mistake or assume the 'religious subject' to which he is now attracted for his own direct experience. And it is this direct experience, regardless of subject matter, which can be the only true subject of a work of art." Certainly Lautrec's caricatures of his contemporaries and Van Gogh's paintings of the potato-eaters would have failed to have convinced us with their great expressiveness if there had not been a direct and intimate experience between the artist and his subject. No one, be he artist or layman, can speak with authority about things that are not familiar. No matter if the subject is negative or positive, love or hate, rebellion or compliance, it is the real and personal experience that gives a work of art authority. Authority, strength, expressiveness, or whatever words you prefer, attempt to describe the intangibles in art. These intangibles are what the sophisticated viewer anticipates in excellent art, no matter what the subject.

William Congdon seems to forget the implications of his own words by contradicting himself indirectly. He fled this country, for example, in order to escape "the selfish interests of materialism" which he found spiritually limiting. It seems strange that he should go to Venice, an Italian jewel and the epitome of materialism, both past and present. Perhaps it was the change of environment or the ancient man-made edifices that comforted him, but it is unimaginable that one could overlook the grasping tourism of Italy. Congdon went to Italy where "... the values of life were not veiled by psychoanalytical and existential jargon . . .," a condition he apparently deplores. In spite of his aversion for "jargon," he continually resorts to its use when relating his conversion to Catholicism. The use of ecclesiastical language, which has profound meaning for him, is no more or less meaningful to the unindoctrinated than existential or psychoanalytical terminology is for Congdon. Without the experience, the word describing it holds no significance, particularly for one who was blinded by personal dissatisfaction.

Congdon refers to abstract painting as "negative" and "protesting," as though it has human attributes. Is one subject more suitable for painting than another? Perhaps it is for the individual artist, but any subject can be a source of inspiration. Congdon seems to forget the important contributions made by Goya, Picasso, and many others. Goya's etchings on war were "negative," "protesting," and moving because of the subject. Picasso's "Guernica" is certainly not an affirmation of faith in humanity. The painting, however, is considered one of the most powerful visual expressions of our times. So-called abstract painting ranges from highly intellectual cubism to the emotional explosions of action painting. It has a history dating back to the days when men were scratching images of animals on the walls of caves. Which form of abstract painting is Congdon accusing? It is especially odd that he should condemn a form which has served almost exclusively as a stylistic basis for his present work. Whether he likes to admit it or not, William Congdon is very much a product of our times.

The dissatisfaction that drove William Congdon from place to place in the world finally ended in a sort of creative paralysis which only his conversion alleviated. This conversion resulted in some personal enlightenment, but perhaps it also clouded his creative vision. "My conversion did restore in me an equilibrium which permitted me to paint again, and I believe that it put me in a position to use my art in a purer and freer manner." Like any artist whose sensibilities are excited by a new meaningful experience, Congdon naturally has attempted to put it in visual form.

Unfortunately, the examples of his work done before conversion show more strength than those done after his conversion. That is not to say any of the paintings reproduced in the book are incompetent, but there is a considerable inconsistency between the two phases of his work. In Congdon's "pre-religious" art, his pictures are agitated, dark, moody, and full of subtle implications. Works following his conversion share much of the vigor of his earlier paintings, but they give the impression that religion is something composed of shiny stuff encrusted with pastel cake frosting. True, the darkness he feared would engulf him has disappeared and has been replaced with light. However, this effulgence has reduced many of his pictures to two dimensions, both physically and emotionally. An almost gay, light atmosphere pervades the painted surface that is undoubtedly the ebullience of a new discovery, his faith. But can one see light without the contrast of darkness? The impact of the great windows of Chartres would be lost without a relative darkness inside the cathedral and a higher, brighter light from some distant source.

The strong, architectural forms of earlier paintings disappear in later works. They are replaced, in most cases, by human-like shapes that lack the conviction and passion of the Venice series. In Congdon's "Ecce Homo," for example, Christ is indicated by a flabby magenta shape that carries little meaning. There is no relationship between Christ and the crowd. One wonders what this picture says beyond a simple display of color and texture. Surely subject, in

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this case, is the most important element to be treated. The absence of significant expression is rather typical in these "religious" paintings. The fact that most of these works cannot stand without suitable quotes from the Bible clearly indicates that Congdon does not yet have the important understanding that comes through long and thoughtful familiarity with the subject. Perhaps Congdon's enthusiasm for his new religion overwhelms his art. It could be that his new world of Christ has not yet been totally absorbed and become real to him. Perhaps Congdon, like a child whose dream has been realized, is still too dazzled by his spiritual discovery to see it properly. Congdon's reason for reducing a great experience to mere decoration or storybook illustration is only temporary. I say this because not all of the religious paintings represented are innocuous; a few reflect the power of his Venice series.

Among these are the crucifixions which show Congdon at his best. Profound sorrow and monumental pain in color and shape make the significance of the crucifixion come alive. He lays color on canvas with a palette knife in powerful downward strokes that evoke great sorrow or represent the precious blood of Christ. The artist incises the thick surface with a wiry line that at once provides contour and echoes the tortured body of Christ. Congdon makes no attempt to illustrate an event, nor does he attempt to do an idealized portrait. Instead, he uses graphic symbols of his own making and the raw material itself to give the picture meaning. This is significant in contemporary religious painting, especially for those who are sick of seeing the pureed products that reflect orthodox minds.

The "Ascension" is an excellent example of Congdon's lighter painting. Dominating the picture is a wedge-shaped figure that seems to be buoyed from above. There are overlapping, transparent shapes that twist in a gentle upward motion. Below is a crowd of figures almost lost in a mysterious, shimmering atmosphere. The entire picture appears to be held together by material as delicate as cobwebs. "Eucharist" is a painting composed all but entirely of light. One feels he is in the presence of the heavenly host. The picture is divided in half with the crowd huddled below in semi-darkness. The figure of Christ rises above them in a great ball of light. Angels in white and gold, whose wings seem to move, are grouped about the central figure. Congdon has filled this picture with complex and exciting rhythms. The multitude sways in gentle chorus, the wings of the angels seem to flutter nervously, and the figure of Christ hovers in a shimmering envelope.

William Congdon is obviously an artist who deserves more recognition than he has received in this country. If the plates in this book are a true sampling of his work, I think we can expect many fine religious paintings from him and not the cotton candy portraits of Christ that have offended us for years. His work will be a true contemporary expression rooted in the vitality of abstract painting.

—Richard Cork

The Poetry of J. V. Cunningham and *The Poetry of W. B. Yeats.* By Yvor Winters. The Swallow Pamphlets, Nos. 11 and 10, respectively. Denver: Alan Swallow. 50c each.

Of the two critical essays here noticed, the more obviously interesting is that on the poetry of Yeats. But both essays were written by the same man, who is well known to be not without intense personal convictions concerning poetry. He characterizes much of Yeats' work as showing a kind of "pseudo-mythic hypertension," whereas he thinks J. V. Cunningham's work is splendid and enduring. It may be well to inquire first into the reasons for the high estimate of Cunningham, which will suggest the reasons for the low estimate of Yeats.

James Vincent Cunningham is now chairman of the English Department at Brandeis. He took his master's in classics at Stanford and then his doctorate in English literature. Yvor Winters was then an associate professor at Stanford, and the two men became friends. Both Cunningham's and Winters' poems and essays are now published by Alan Swallow of Denver, a mutual friend who also published the pamphlets under review. Perhaps the only considerable critical essay on Cunningham besides Winters' is by John Williams in the *Arizona Quarterly* for 1950, and Williams' poems too are now published by Swallow. The high value of Cunningham's poems is thus most clearly recognized in a small circle of writers and critics. There is obviously a certain antecedent unlikelihood that Cunningham should really be, in Winters' words, "the most consistently distinguished poet writing in English today, and one of the finest in the language." But a surprising claim is not for that reason absurd, and the critical reader will be anxious to do justice to Cunningham's achievement.

Winters does not make this easy. First, and rather unfairly, interested readers tend to think of him as a kind of giant-killer. He has sought to topple poets of the stature of Hopkins, Eliot, Frost; and even when he is wholly successful in a point of attack the very audacity of the enterprise seems to carry with many readers a proof that he must somehow be wrong. His mordant and ferocious tone certainly contributes to this effect. Readers have come to expect from him an all-or-nothing critical approach that perhaps forces his hand and makes him say more than is called for. One cannot help wondering whether he recalls what he once wrote of Poe: "Poe appears oblivious to the possibility that we may come to a truth with an attitude other than that of the advocate."

Probably John Williams' more

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measured estimate of Cunningham is closer to the truth, in the suggestion that Cunningham is remarkable as an accomplished artist who is deliberately, in the non-pejorative sense, minor. Cunningham's "Meditation on Statistical Method," admired also by Winters, gives an adequate idea of his style:

Plato, despair!
We prove by norms
How numbers bear
Empiric forms,

How random wrong
Will average right
If time be long
And error slight,

But in our hearts
Hyperbole
Curves and departs
To infinity.

Error is boundless,
Nor hope nor doubt,
Though both be groundless,
Will average out.

The focus perhaps jiggles very slightly in the first stanza, but then the verses follow supplely the logic of the theme, with effortless diction and elegantly wry subjunctives. Still, one is conscious of the sacrifice that such accomplished verse implies; it has no room for emotions less completely mastered. Yet even if he overstates his case, Professor Winters does a great service in so persistently recommending Cunningham's poems.

It is not equally clear that Cunningham will be understood more exactly for such passionate exegesis as Winters sometimes offers on a poem about whose subject he feels strongly:

"*A first-rate poet differs from his contemporaries . . . not in being eccentric or less human, but in being more central, more human, more intelligent. But the difference in this respect between, let us say, a great poet and most distinguished scholars is very great, and few scholars are distinguished; and the scholar cannot recognize the difference and is scarcely prepared to admit the possibility of the difference, for he regards himself as a professional man of letters. To the scholar in question, the poet is wrong-headed and eccentric, and the scholar will usually tell him so. This is bad manners on the part of the scholar, but the scholar considers it good manners. The scholar often hates him, or comes close to hating him; but if the poet returns hatred for hatred (and surely this is understandable), he is labeled as a vicious character, for, after all, he is a member of a very small minority group. The poet may become neurotic under such pressure: there is no comparable pressure on the scholar, and he usually remains normal. Cunningham deals with this problem in an unusually gentle way in Epigram 35 from* The Judge is Fury."

The unhappy relation here breathlessly expounded doubtless holds true, at least in some cases. But unless I seriously misread Epigram 35 it serves only as a jumping-off point for the above passage. Immediately following are further references to the shortcomings of "the non-academic critics (if there are any left), the reviewers, the bad poets, and very often the poet's friends and family." All this grows out of the "doctrine . . . that hatred is the only cleansing emotion and the most moral of emotions." This "doctrine" is attributed to Cunningham, but here too one feels Winters may be interposing himself between the poet and the reader. He espouses and elaborately justifies the "doctrine" in the long passage just quoted, which is not without its perplexities. If hatred is, however paradoxically, "the only cleansing emotion" is it not a good thing that poet and scholar hate each other? But what Winters prefers to call the "tenor" of the passage strongly suggests the opposite. It is still less clear in what sense we can speak of "moral emotions."

Winters will have no truck with reasons that reason knows not. He insists that, even at best, the emotion called forth by a poem must be limited and guided by the intention (in the logician's sense) of the words used. Cunningham, as in the fine example quoted, beautifully illustrates this canon, and secures Winters' almost unqualified admiration. "Truth is not poetry," Winters had already said in the essay on Poe, but "poetry is truth and something more." If this is the sole law of poetry, a reader will be prepared for the nature of Winters' estimate of Yeats, if not perhaps for its harshness. He quotes a two-line epigram of Cunningham's called "History of Ideas":

God is love. Then by conversion
Love is God, and sex conversion.

"These two lines," Winters coolly remarks, "take us from the New Testament to W. B. Yeats."

Thanks perhaps to this animus Winters' prose is decidedly crisper in the pamphlet on Yeats than in that on Cunningham. After some unflattering remarks on received critical opinion he offers to reconstruct Yeats' notion of the "ideal society": "*Such a society would be essentially agrarian, with as few politicians and tradesmen as possible. The dominant class would be the landed gentry; the peasants would also be important, but would stay in their place; a fair sprinkling of beggars (some of them mad), of drunkards, and of priests would make the countryside more picturesque. The gentlemen should be violent and bitter, patrons of the arts, and the maintainers of order; they should be good horsemen, preferably reckless horsemen (if the two kinds may exist in one); and they should be fond of fishing. The ladies should be beautiful and charming, should be gracious hostesses . . . , should if possible be musicians, should drive men mad, love, marry, and produce children, should not be interested in ideas, and should ride horseback, preferably to hounds. . . . What Yeats would have liked would have been an eighteenth-century Ireland of his own imagining. He disliked the political and argumentative turmoil of revolutionary Ireland; he would scarcely have thought that the order*

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which has emerged was sufficiently picturesque to produce poetry.
A caricature, certainly; but related to the original as a caricature is related to a portrait. The same technique of careful explicitness renders equally absurd the easier target of Yeats' "cosmological and psychological system." Winters starts, as has been seen, from very different premises; and his rational and democratic bias, which often obtrudes itself, prevents him from seizing usefully the nature of Yeats' work. What Winters does give us in the main body of his essay is a discourse that might have been called, "Bad writing in W. B. Yeats." This is in places very valuable. Probably any writer who has been smothered in adulation as Yeats has been could profit from having a keen unsympathetic eye trained on his work.

The reader who can remain fair-minded, despite the gratuitous insults that are piled on (like the statement that "the contemporary reader" may well be "baffled" by words whose meaning can be ascertained in "any good dictionary"), will find his reward. Winters' attentive hostility turns up more rant and cliché in Yeats, more sheer bad writing, than most of us would have been willing to think. The destructive analysis of "In Memory of Major Robert Gregory," for example, should make a difference in the received opinion concerning that poem. To the reader who will take his copy of Yeats from the shelf and read along line by line with Winters, one can safely promise something new.

In his crucial essay on Poe, Winters argues that a Poe or a Yeats uses the rationally knowable elements of human expression as little as possible, and even then "not as something valuable in themselves, but as ingredients in a formula by means of which something outside our experience can be suggested." Since this something is unknown, the poet substitutes style, disembodied "beauty," for content, or "truth." Of course no one would maintain that this has never happened, even in poets of Yeats' stature. But the argument rests, I think, on a double fallacy. Winters seems to assume that if a thing is not distinctly known it must be quite unknown, since reason is the only faculty of knowing. "Plato, despair!" indeed—to quote Cunningham—if this is to be taken as an adequate account of the kinds of knowing. One is reminded of the fine passage in Thoreau's *Week* in which he contrasts the driving intellect of the Yankee, "well knowing what he knows," to the subtler, more intuitive grasp of the driven Indian. For example, Winters thinks he has an irrefutable "proof"—in a strictly logical sense—of more bad writing in Yeats when he comments on the last line of "Among School Children": "How can we know the dancer from the dance?" He observes: "When we watch the dancer we may not discriminate, although a choreographer could; but if the dancer and the dance could not be discriminated in fact the dancer could never have learned the dance." This demonstration rests of course on the same binary logic—a thing is either known or it is unknown—and assumes moreover that in the beginning a dance is always, quite literally, *thought* up. The primitive ritual dances in which, cultural anthropologists assure us, subject and object, dancer and dance, are wholly confounded at a pre-conceptual stage, could be cited as evidence; but does one really need to look farther back than to his own teens?

The other great difficulty with Winters' conception of poetry as it affects criticism, is that he seems to believe that if any intelligent reader cannot "read back" from the poem the original "truth" it contains then there is no truth there. The argument, of course, is self-proving. When the critic stands firmly outside the spirit of a poet's work and refuses to surrender himself even for the time to its working, he will often see nothing in it, or nothing but absurdity. To adopt Bergson's well-known illustration, a critic so positioned is like a spectator peering through a closed window into a lighted ballroom. The music unheard, he will find the couples' movements quite inexplicable. And if one tries to undermine Winters' position by reminding him that where so many apparently able readers do see something the fault may lie with the critic, Winters' answer is ready: to be a good critic, not just swept along by fashions, a man must be highly intelligent; and most critics aren't. Q.E.D.

—John B. Gleason

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